

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



PLYMOUTH In Sunny South Devon

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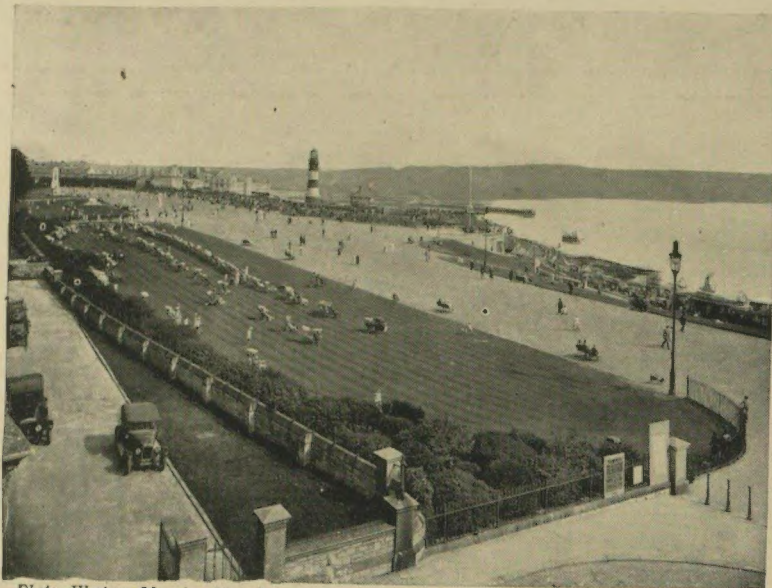


Photo. Western Morning News.]

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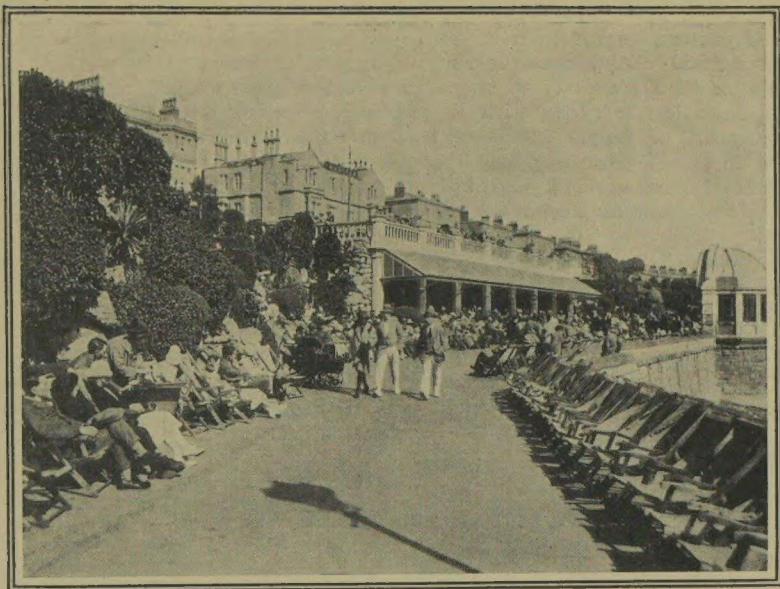
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Write to the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station,
London, W. 2 for all travel information.

Land at Plymouth and Save a Day



THE MOST POPULOUS TOWN BETWEEN LIVERPOOL AND LAND'S END—
THE PROMENADE AT WESTON-SUPER-MARE.

Winter and summer alike, Weston-super-Mare is a sun-trap flooded by warm, mellow light, and fanned by sea-breezes which never allow the air to become lifeless or enervating.

ALL through the ages the tendency of mankind has been to travel westwards in search of the ideal. The ancient Greeks, with an instinctive acknowledgment of this, set their Islands of the Blest westward of the known world; in the present day tourists and holiday-makers alike travel westward for health and pleasure. The West Country of England is a veritable



INHABITED IN 250 B.C.: THE INTERIOR OF WOOKEY HOLE, NOW LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

Apart from the awe-inspiring caverns at Wookey, there is the almost incredible fact that two miles of territory there remain unexplored, in spite of all the endeavours of the excavators—a curious anomaly in such a populous country as England!

lotus land where happiness is the chief object of life, and the modern craze for speed has never succeeded in banishing its age-old calm; it is a tranquil countryside of incomparable beauty where tourists can sense the very atmosphere of past ages, and history become a living, enthralling reality. Above all, it is a countryside where the tired nerves of jaded city workers are soothed into a delicious serenity by the lovely peace which pervades every corner of Somerset, Devon, and Cornwall.

Bath is a perfect introduction to the West Country—a fair city which, though unique in itself, yet breathes the very spirit of those western counties and epitomises the perfect blending of old and new to be found in their towns and villages. Bath is a phoenix-like town which has had waves of prosperity in its two thousand years of existence, and its present-day revival in popularity is, appropriately enough, set among the scenes of its two greatest eras—Roman and Georgian. It is an almost untouched specimen of an eighteenth-century town—unparalleled anywhere in England—owing to the almost incredible generosity and lavishness of one man, Ralph Allen, who caused the whole of the shabby town of his day to be pulled down, with the exception of the ancient Abbey Church, and re-erected in the Georgian style of stately houses, spacious streets, and imposing

THE WEST COUNTRY.

By MAXWELL FRASER.

crescents. Fortunate in his architects, he created a place where sunlight and fresh air could penetrate to every corner, terraced on green hills which lent an added charm to the dignified beauty of the town. It is this city of his creation which to-day is the most famous English Spa, bringing health and healing to countless sufferers, and affording the gayest of holidays to those who are merely on pleasure bent. Twenty feet below the level of these streets lie the wonderful remains of the Roman town—the finest to be found in Europe outside Italy—where sunshine and shadow play over the paths worn by the feet of Roman bathers two thousand

years ago. Every stage of the elaborate process of the Roman bath can be traced; the very soot still clings to the flues, and the lead pipes fulfil their original purpose of keeping the baths supplied with fresh water. Even as the eighteenth-century town is intimately associated with Beau Nash, Sheridan, Sarah Siddons, and all the brilliant company of wits and beauties which flocked there in the Regency period, so this quiet survival of an ancient and luxurious civilisation is haunted with thoughts of the elegant patricians and hardy legionaries who once thronged its hot rooms and swam in the Great Bath.

As a Spa, Bath is unsurpassed in England, either in the luxury and efficiency of its enormous modern bathing establishment and the gaiety of its social life, or the efficacy of its radium-impregnated waters, which are the only hot springs in this country. Half-a-million gallons are yielded daily by the springs, and the record of cures shows that, so far from declining from its ancient fame, the Spa adds to its splendid reputation with every year that passes.

If Bath is an uncommon example of a city, Wookey Hole, which lies within a few miles, is equally unusual as a work of Nature, so far as this country is concerned. The magnificent caves at Wookey Hole were only rediscovered in 1909, and have since been made accessible to the public, with proper lighting arrangements for the safe passage of tourists. Three great caverns are shown, through which the subterranean River Axe flows, deep and

silent. Long before the Romans landed in Britain and built the Roman city of Bath, these caves were inhabited by a tribe which came over from Brittany in 250 B.C., and remained in Wookey Hole until the departure of the Romans in the fifth century. The numerous relics of this tribe and their occupation can be seen in Wells Museum, together with the bones of the Witch of Wookey, her crystal and other possessions, discovered in the exploration of the caves, which show that the half-legendary figure of the Witch had a foundation in fact. Strange sounds, due to perfectly natural causes, are to be heard in the caves from time to time, one of which—resembling a mighty clashing of cymbals, heard when the River Axe is in flood—was mentioned by Clement of Alexandria in his writings in the year A.D. 189. Facing the entrance to Wookey Hole, across the valley, is the earliest-known abode of prehistoric man, which has yielded up the secrets of life in the dim ages of 30,000 years ago, when monstrous animals roamed the countryside. The whole story of the seemingly unequal struggle for existence between these animals and primitive man can be traced from the bones and other relics discovered in the cave.



A TRUE WEST-COUNTRY TOWN, IN SPITE OF ITS DEVELOPMENT INTO A MODERN RESORT: TEIGNMOUTH.

Teignmouth is the first of those towns which share in common a sheltered site on a tidal estuary penetrating the countryside like a miniature fjord; and it has a long, eventful history as a smuggling centre.

Weston-super-Mare, which is not only the largest and most popular seaside resort in Somersetshire, but claims to be the most populous town between Liverpool and Land's End, is at first sight so completely modern that visitors do not always realise that even there the blending of old and new is to be found. The pleasant town, with its beautiful Italian Gardens, vast Pavilion, broad sea-front, and lavish provision of every modern amenity for the delight

of its visitors, lies in the shelter of two hills of untold antiquity, which curve protectingly round the great bay to shelter the resort from all cold winds. Grass-clad Brean Down is a bird-sanctuary where the rarest species may be found by the enthusiastic searcher, and its interest is confined to naturalists and geologists; but on the summit of Worlbury Hill is to be found one of the finest prehistoric encampments in existence—a place of absorbing interest where the primitive pit-dwellings of ancient Britons may be seen, and the desperate resistance of the Somersetshire Britons in their last stand against the invading Romans can be reconstructed.

The air of Weston-super-Mare is so invigorating that it puts new life into the most weakly visitor within an incredibly short time—a tonic property which goes far to explain the amazing activity and enterprise of the local authorities, who leave nothing



THE MOST ANCIENT HOLIDAY RESORT IN ENGLAND: A TRANQUIL RIVERSIDE SCENE AT BATH.

With the single exception of London, no city in England has so many associations with famous people of the past as has Bath. Kings, nobles, prelates, statesmen, warriors, writers, actors, and painters—all have flocked to it throughout the ages.

NEWQUAY

Sunniest of the Sunny West

EXTENSIVE
FIRM
SANDS

AND

UNSURPASSED
CLIFF
SCENERY

CELEBRATED SURF BATHING
NOTED GOLF LINKS.

Tennis, Bowls, Boating, Fishing, etc.

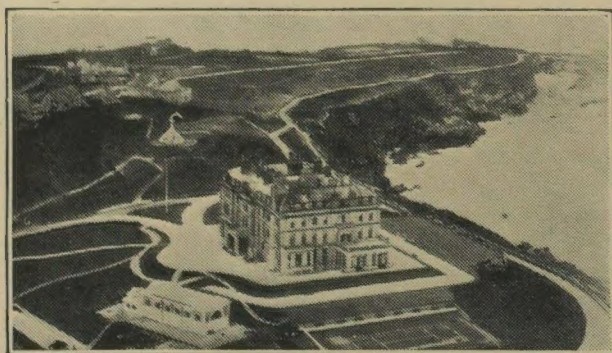
Excursions by rail and road to all parts of
Cornwall and North Devon.

Illustrated Guide (1½d.) from Town Clerk,
191, Newquay, Cornwall.

*Travel by G.W.R. Expresses. All information of
train services, Tourist and Excursion facilities, etc.,
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THE ATLANTIC HOTEL NEWQUAY

CORNWALL'S LEADING HOTEL
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The most Beautifully situated Hotel in England.
Glorious Sea View from every window.

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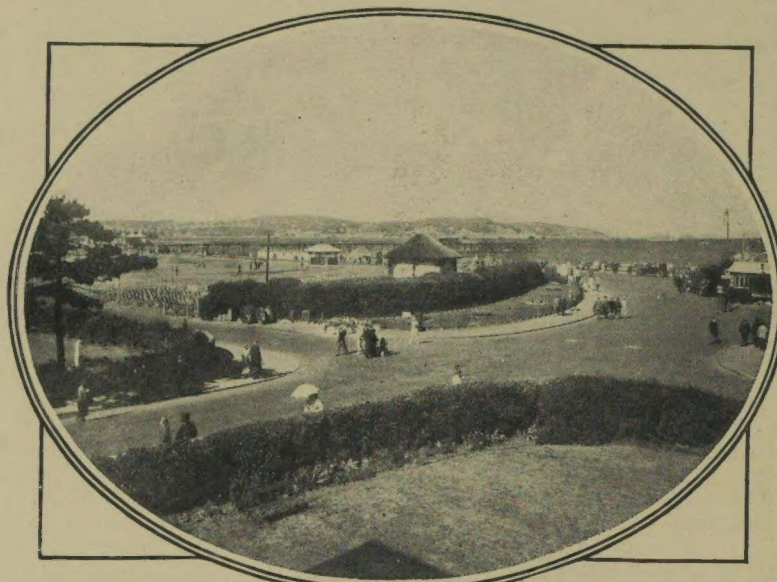
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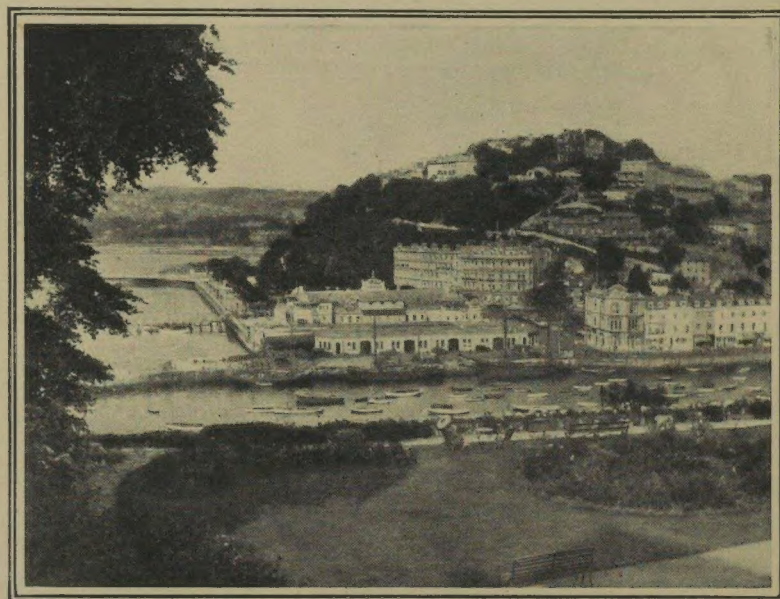
undone which modern ingenuity can suggest for the better entertainment of their visitors. Apart from its numerous amenities, Weston-super-Mare has a natural charm most unusual in a popular resort. One end of the Marine Parade ends in an unspoiled woodland glade which is a dream of loveliness in the spring with an exquisite carpet of bluebells, whilst silvery pools of fragile anemones lend a tender charm to its green beauty in the summer months. The other end of the Parade reaches to the foot of Worlbury Hill and its pine woods, beyond which lie breezy lonely downs, historic manor houses, and quiet old-world villages.



SET IN THE CENTRE OF TORBAY: PAIGNTON, WHICH HAS A LONG AND VERY INTERESTING HISTORY.

Paignton is so modern in appearance that it comes as a surprise to many to learn that it has had a long history. It has belonged to the See of Exeter since Saxon times, and the last occupant of the Bishop's Palace—of which only the walls now remain—was Miles Coverdale, who first translated the Bible into English.

Though every West-Country man naturally thinks his own county supreme in charm and interest, all acknowledge the right of Exeter to be called the capital of the West Country. Even as it is set in the heart of the West Country, so is it the very heart of West-Country life: a city which for over 800 years has staunchly upheld its rights and ideals in the face of every danger, and risked all to win freedom of thought and action for West-Country men. Once again in this town the past and the present meet and mingle with the ease that comes of a friendly association. The sense of the past is as strong there as in Bath, though the towns have such differing characteristics and strong individuality that it is the only resemblance between them. Exeter is of the Middle Ages; a lovely old town where charming mediæval houses stand side by side with modern buildings without giving the onlooker any sense of incongruity. The shops of the High Street, with the Elizabethan Guildhall as a striking landmark, border the ancient Fosse Way down which the Roman Legions marched to Devon. Quaint, narrow alley-ways lead from the bustle of the shopping centre to the



BOASTING NO FEWER THAN EIGHT GLORIOUS BAYS WITHIN ITS LIMITS: TORQUAY.

One of the greatest charms of Torquay lies in the variety of its many beauties. Torbay resembles one of the famous Mediterranean resorts in its exotic loveliness; Daddy Hole is completely secluded; Meadfoot Bay has silvery limestone cliffs; fairy-like Anstey's Cove is a wooded combe of the true Devonian type; Redgate Beach is an ideal bathing place; Babacombe has tree-clad red cliffs, and Oddicombe a shining crescent of dazzlingly white sand.

cloistered calm of the Cathedral Close, where beautiful gateways of carved oak and wrought iron give glimpses of flower-filled courtyards and mellow old houses, the whole dominated by the magnificent façade of the cathedral. An insignificant archway in another busy modern street leads directly into the fifteenth-century atmosphere of Wynard's Hospital, a quadrangle of picturesque almshouses where life flows on to-day in much the same way as it did for the original inmates. On an island in the River Exe a glorious Tudor house is in full view of the modern bridge, and the walls of Rougemont Castle still stand on ground now owned by a railway company.

Beyond the estuary of the river on which Exeter is set, the breezy sand-dunes of Dawlish Warren stretch away to the pretty little town of Dawlish, where the true "Red Devon" begins. Founded at the time

of the Norman Conquest, Dawlish was for centuries a quiet fishing village with an uneventful history, until it woke one day in the early nineteenth century to find itself a budding watering-place. Jane Austen, one of its admirers, testified to its popularity in "Sense and Sensibility," and since her time it has enjoyed an ever-increasing reputation as a family resort with good bathing and golfing. Vivid red cliffs stretch in a succession of beautiful bays to Teignmouth, a resort which vies with Dawlish in its popularity for bathing and golfing, but which, in spite of the constant coupling of their names, has a decided character of its own. The modern town is grouped round a wide bay, separated from

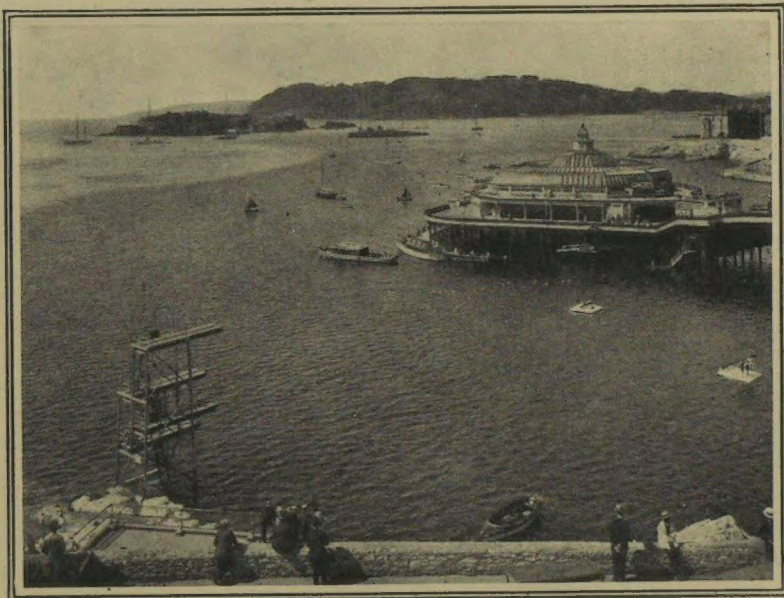
the older town and the picturesque harbour by the high, tree-clad banks of the River Teign. A wooden bridge over 150 years old crosses the mouth of the river and links Teignmouth with the pretty village of Shaldon and the smuggling cove of Labrador, which gained its curious name from its connection with vessels trading to the Canadian Labrador, and is now famous for its strawberry-and-cream teas.

The River Teign is tidal as far as Newton Abbot, a town which was formed by the fusion of two adjoining villages in the thirteenth century. Its history dates back to the time of the

A CENTRE WHICH DEVOTES ITSELF WHOLE-HEARTEDLY TO AMUSING ITS VISITORS: ILFRACOMBE.

Ilfracombe provides so many attractions for its visitors that it would be popular even if it had not the supreme charm of an enchantingly beautiful situation.

Conquest, although the majority of its buildings are modern. Forde, the beautiful manor house in which Charles I. was twice entertained, and whose owner was the first person of note to give hospitality to Prince William of Orange on his journey from Brixham to London, lies just outside the town. Newton Abbot has two delightful natural woods for public parks, and is an ideal centre for tourists, as every place in Devon is within a day's trip of the town. It is also the junction for the Torquay branch, and the nearest town to the glorious, richly-wooded valley of Lustleigh, and the splendid Manor House Hotel at Bovey Tracey, on the edge of Dartmoor. Originally built by Viscount Hambleden in the



THE PILGRIM FATHERS' "PORT OF SAIL": A VIEW OF PLYMOUTH SOUND.

Following a long succession of raids by Danes, Saxons, Vikings, Turks, and Moorish corsairs, Plymouth became the point of departure for the majority of voyages of exploration and colonisation, and such names as those of Raleigh, Hawkins, Frobisher, John Davis, Blake, and Captain Cook invest the Hoe and Plymouth Sound with the glamour of high adventure.

Jacobean style, this is now run on the most up-to-date lines. The extensive grounds contain a golf-course, boating-lake, bathing-pool, and rose-garden; whilst there are excellent shooting and hunting obtainable in the neighbourhood.

Torquay is one of the loveliest and most lovable towns in England. Its beauty has a warmth and friendliness, a gaiety and irresistible charm, which seems to welcome every visitor as a long-desired friend. The colouring of sea, hills, and cliffs is vivid beyond the dreams of those who do not know Devon at its best—a symphony of all the brightest colours in a prism. Everybody can find their ideal in this delightful town—simplicity and quiet in adorable Anstey's Cove, the breezy uplands of Babbacombe, and the great beaches of Babbacombe and Oddicombe; or gaiety and companionship in Torbay, where the yacht club has its headquarters, and the little rowing-boats cluster invitingly in the

[Continued overleaf.]

When You Visit "SMILING SOMERSET" Do Not Miss

WOOKEY HOLE CAVE

(2 Miles from Wells)

SUBTERRANEAN RIVER AXE . THE HOME OF THE WITCH
THREE MAGNIFICENT CHAMBERS . BEAUTIFUL GROTTOS

WEEK DAYS
10 to 8.

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10 to 6.

FREE
CAR PARK.



In the Witch's Chamber, Wookey Hole Cave.

LUNCHEON

AND

TEA ROOMS

IN

IDEAL

SETTING.

EVERYBODY should see

WOOKEY HOLE

"the" attraction of "Smiling Somerset."

TOURIST and EXCURSION TICKETS from PADDINGTON
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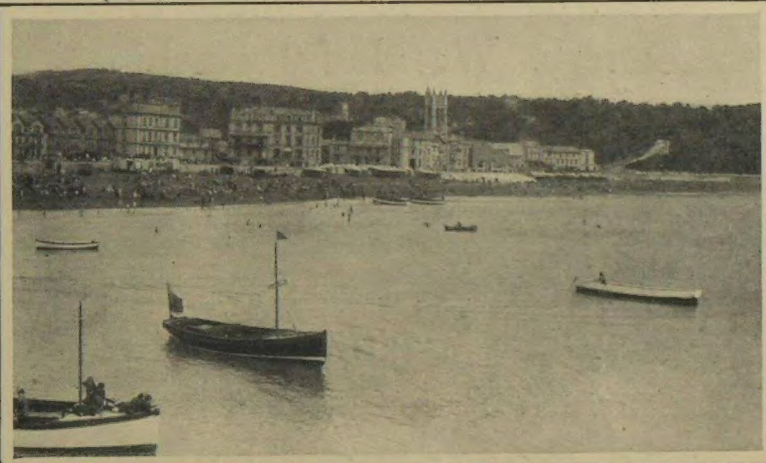
from which the Wookey Caves and Underground River can
be visited conveniently.

Apply at any G.W.R. Station, Office or Agency for all
information of train services and cheap travel facilities.

ENJOY YOUR HOLIDAY THIS YEAR
... AT ...

TEIGNMOUTH

THE **H**APPY HOLIDAY of GLORIOUS
AUNT DEVON



Easy access to Dartmoor and the South Devon Coast.

Abundant facilities for every kind of Sport, including:—
GOLF . BOWLS . BATHING . FISHING
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DELIGHTFUL RIVER TRIPS

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YOU WILL FIND...

Boating and Bathing in the **Marine Lake.**

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FREE GUIDE from F. PICKETT, Advertising Association
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Enquire at nearest Railway Station or Office for all information.

FALMOUTH

The Gem of the Cornish Riviera.

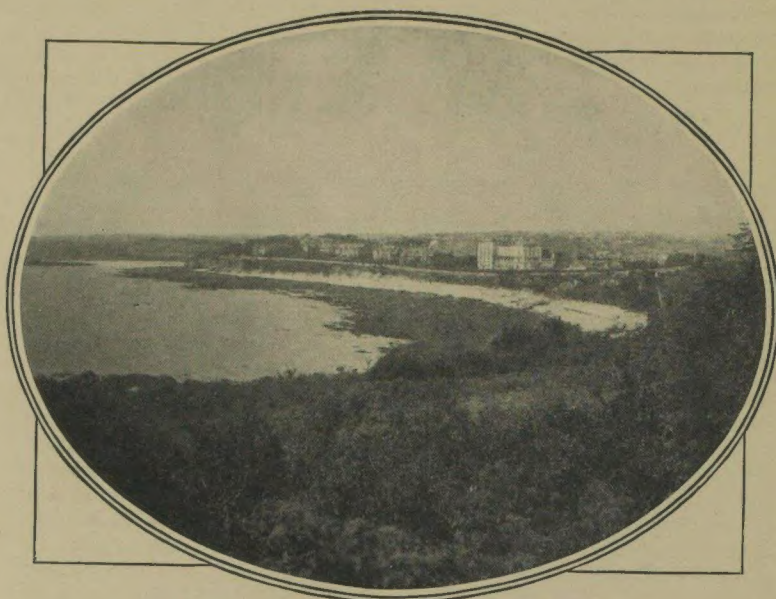
Unsurpassed for climate and scenery. Wonderful sunshine record. Ideal resort for summer visitors. Most desirable Winter residence in Britain. Delightful sea and river trips. Yachting, boating, fishing, safe bathing. Excellent hotels and boarding houses.

Illustrated Guide on application to the Town Clerk.

Enquire at nearest Railway Station or Office for all information of Train Services, Tourist and Excursion Facilities, etc.

(Continued.)

inner harbour; and where the pavilion, with its concerts; the medical baths, with their dances and varied entertainments; the splendid Torre Abbey sands and the rows of jolly little bathing tents and huts; the



A PARADISE OF TRANQUILLITY WITH AN EQUABLE CLIMATE: THE SEA FRONT OF FALMOUTH.

Statistics show that the climate of Falmouth is as warm in winter as that of Madeira—a fact agreeably emphasised by the exuberant riot of sub-tropical trees and flowers, and the enormous size attained by the most homely English plants, in this delightful town.

tennis-courts; the sunny Rock Walk, with its riot of strange tropical flowers and trees brought from the most distant corners of the earth; and the semi-circle of fine hotels, backed by the shopping centre, minister to every

need of Torquay's visitors. Many of the hotels stand in their own grounds. The Grand Hotel, at the far end of the bay, in a peaceful, sheltered corner, has a particularly beautiful garden. The majority of its fine rooms command wide views across the sparkling blue waters of the bay, as do those of the Torquay Hydro Hotel on the opposite side of Torbay.

Though the neighbouring resort of Paignton shares Torquay's enormous popularity, it differs greatly from that town. The tree-clad hills and beautiful cliffs of Torquay sink to a low-lying shore with a Marine Parade and a long, straight stretch of beach. As a family resort it is unrivalled—it not only provides all the usual amenities, but even has a very fine Zoological Garden, containing many rare animals, birds, and plants. Preston foreshore, which runs from the Redcliffe Hotel to Hollacombe Cliffs and Preston Green, a pleasure ground of about ten acres, is now a part of Paignton, and a pleasant cliff walk past the harbour leads to the fine bathing-beach of Goodrington. Paignton Parish Church is an exceedingly beautiful thirteenth-century building with a fine Norman doorway, and contains a sixteenth-century stone screen of wonderful carving, a fine pulpit, and several interesting monuments.



DELIGHTFUL THROUGH THE YEAR: PENZANCE, THE "TOWN OF TROPICAL FLOWERS."

Lovely though the flowers of Penzance are during the summer, those who have only seen them in that season would be surprised at their brilliance and variety during the autumn and winter, whilst the wild flowers on St. Michael's Mount rival the imported tropical plants of the Morrab Gardens in their profusion and exquisite colouring.

IDEAL HOLIDAYS

in **ST. IVES**

The Gem of the Cornish Riviera

EXPRESS TRAINS—TOURIST TICKETS—

LONG PERIOD
EXCURSIONS by

G.W.R.

From LONDON
and ALL PARTS

Each Week-day Cornish Riviera Express leaves
Paddington Station 10.30 a.m., St. Ives arr. 5.10 p.m.

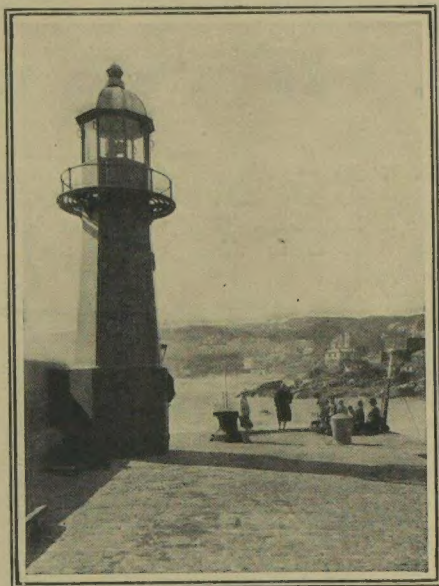
The Gem of the Cornish Riviera

ST. IVES for

IDEAL HOLIDAYS

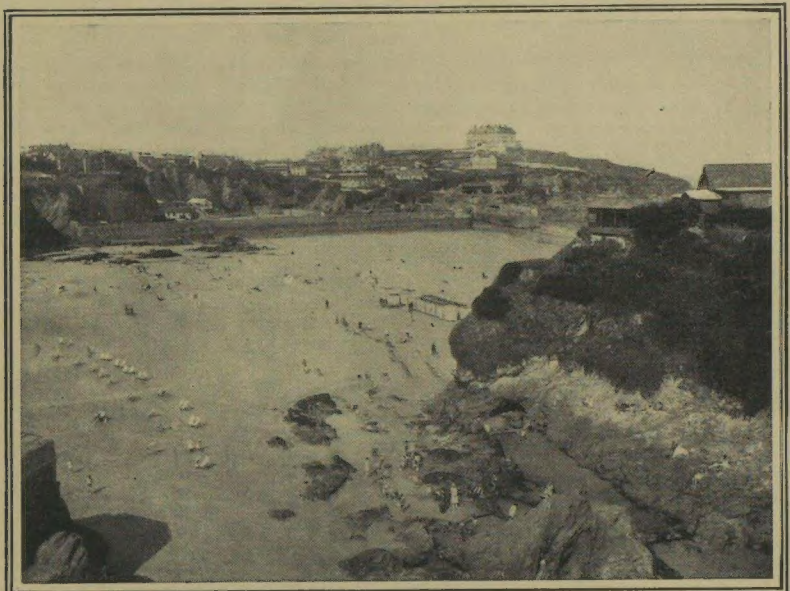
Plymouth, the greatest port in the West Country, has played a vital part in the affairs of England during its centuries of existence, and is endowed with all the stately dignity which consciousness of a splendid history can give. It is a rarely beautiful place which can be made the headquarters for exploring the whole of Devon and Cornwall, and for delightful steamer trips up the Tamar and Yealm, or by sea to the principal ports of both counties. Although much of the ancient town has been swept away of late years to make room for wide streets and splendid shops, there are still many Tudor and Elizabethan houses to be found by the enthusiast near the Barbican, from which the Pilgrim Fathers sailed to colonise America. Fortunately, these buildings are now under the care of a Special Commission, and are receiving the necessary repairs to restore them to their ancient beauty. Nearly all the Elizabethan sea-kings were associated with Plymouth at one time or another, though the name of Sir Francis Drake is naturally the best known in this town of many memories. Little wonder that the past takes on a new vividness in Plymouth, when it is realised that the townsmen of to-day still obtain their drinking-water from the source presented to their ancestors by Drake himself!

Ilfracombe, the only resort on the North Devon coast which can compare with any of these southern resorts in size and popularity, is terraced on steep, wooded hills above delightful bathing-beaches, and is a centre for



OLD AND VERY QUAIN: ST. IVES, A TOWN
ENDUED WITH THE CALM OF AGES.

St. Ives was the favourite landing-place of the innumerable Irish saints sent to convert the pagan Cornishmen, and as early as the fifth century was a recognised centre for travellers through the western portion of the Duchy.



ONE OF THE MOST BRACING RESORTS IN THE WEST COUNTRY: NEWQUAY.

Apart from its attractions as a "family" resort, Newquay is a centre for innumerable lovely villages where accommodation is limited, such as Mawgan and the ancient Nunnery of Lanherne; Crantock, famous for its wonderful old church and its cream teas; Watergate Bay; and Bedruthan Steps.

such famous beauty-spots as Clovelly, Woody Bay, Lynton and Lynmouth, and Combe Martin. Beyond the Tamar lie a multiplicity of delightful holiday retreats, each with its special charm. St. Austell is a pleasant, ancient town set in a lovely valley a mile and a-half inland from

[Continued overleaf.]

BATH

GRAND PUMP ROOM HOTEL

PREMIER HOTEL WEST OF ENGLAND

Inter-communication with the world-famed Baths. Luxurious suites; private bathrooms; hot and cold running water; also central heating in every bedroom.

Orchestra plays daily. Garage adjacent

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Telegrams: "Pumpotel, Bath."

Under same direction:—

Brighton:—Royal Crescent Hotel.

London:—De Vere Hotel, Kensington, W.

The Bath Summer Cure Ticket

a new scheme this Summer, gives a 3 weeks' course of the celebrated Bath Treatment—baths and waters and all entertainments—for an inclusive fee of 3 guineas.

Never was Bath more popular during the Summer Season. For Summer guests this year there is an exceptional programme of varied entertainments, while the unique Roman Remains, unequalled Georgian architecture, the parks and gardens, and the delightful tours on every side make Bath as delightful as a holiday centre as it is efficacious as a health resort.

Particulars of the Bath Summer Cure Ticket, Programme for the Summer Season, Book of Bath and Hotel List from John Hatton, Director of the Spa, Bath.



Travel by G.W.R. Non-stop Expresses from Paddington—107 miles in 105 minutes. All information of Train Services, Tourist and Excursion facilities from any G.W.R. Station, Office or Agency.

THE SPA HOTEL BATH



This magnificent Hotel, with spacious and tastefully appointed Public Rooms, well-kept grounds of nine acres, Tennis, Croquet, Putting, Clock Golf, etc., Golf Club at rear of Hotel, Garage, Private Lock-ups, Own Laundry, Hotel Motor meets all trains and gives frequent service to the Pump Room (4 minutes).

Excellent Contained Suites. Running Hot and Cold Water and Radiators in all Rooms, Double and Single Bedrooms with Private Bathrooms and Toilets.

The new third floor, which consists of single bedrooms only, each one fitted with Bath and Toilet, was opened at Easter, 1930.

Orchestra, Ballroom, Electric Lift and all the amenities of a first-class Hotel, away from the noise and bustle of the Town.



Telegrams: "Spaotel, Bath."

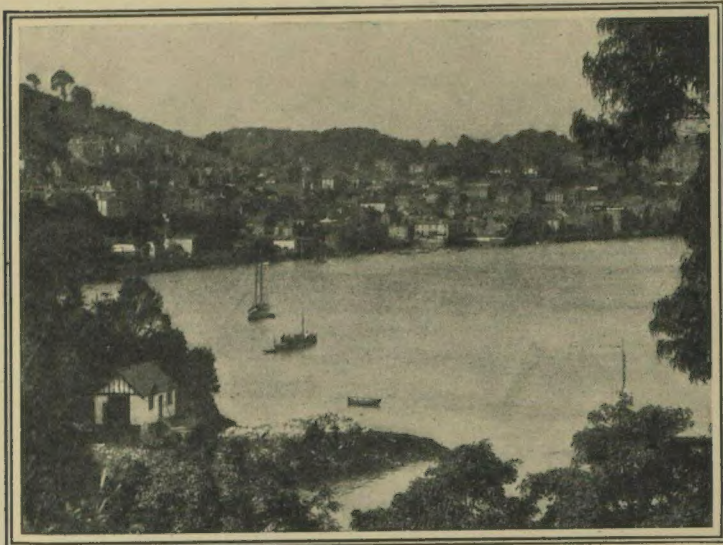
'Phone: 4224-4225.

Manager

WILLIAM FREAK.

(Continued.)

St. Austell Bay, on one of the many secluded inlets of which is the Carlyon Bay Hotel, overlooking a fine golf-course and a quiet bathing-beach.



A LOVELY OLD-WORLD TOWN QUIETLY DREAMING BESIDE THE EMERALD WATERS OF THE DART: DARTMOUTH.

Dartmouth knew the very pinnacle of fame in past centuries. A thousand years ago its seamen were famous for their valour, and the splendid land-locked harbour sheltered the fleets of William Rufus, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and Edward III.

Falmouth, sheltered in the wide arms of the glorious estuary of the Fal, is a place to linger in for weeks and months. Its interests are inexhaustible, and the soft, musical names of the innumerable villages on the shores of the river and in the fairyland of the charmingly-named "Roseland" Peninsula, call and beckon irresistibly to all lovers of the picturesque. The glory of Penzance lies in its matchless setting on Mount's Bay, whose beauty is crowned with the exquisite loveliness of St. Michael's Mount—an islet which responds to every passing mood of the elements and is infinitely alluring in its every aspect. Apart from its setting, Penzance is an ideal centre from which to explore all the adorable little villages of the Land's

End district and the charming hamlets of the Lizard Peninsula. The dazzling white-washed houses of St. Ives, with their black roofs, are strikingly effective against their brilliant background of wooded cliffs and hyacinth-blue sea. Narrow winding streets drop down to the splendid bathing-beaches with their sandy shores and invitingly translucent water. Half-hidden in the woods above Porthminster Beach is the Tregenna Castle Hotel, one of the most successful examples of the conversion of a manor-house into a modern hotel to be found in England.

Although St. Ives is in the north of Cornwall, its climate is exceptionally temperate all through the year, owing to the fact that it lies further south than many of the resorts of southern Cornwall—due, of course, to the extraordinary configuration of the coastline.

St. Ives is surrounded with low-lying, breezy downs

which stretch away for miles, but at Newquay the majestic cliffs for which Cornwall is famous are to be found in all their grandeur. Although Newquay is an exceedingly popular resort, no attempt has been made to tame the magnificence of its setting with such a commonplace "development" as a Marine Parade. Its glorious sands and wonderful caves are reached by winding pathways and flights of steps from the cliff-tops, and the beauty-lover can find as

much to satisfy him as the more materially minded holiday-makers for whom bathing, golfing, and tennis are the chief ingredients of "a real good time." The majority of the houses in Newquay command magnificent views across the series of wide bays on which the town is set, but the Atlantic Hotel on its great headland is unrivalled for the wonderful panorama of the coast obtainable from every window.

Bude, further along the coast, also has all the attractions of cave-riddled cliffs and splendid beaches, where the exhilarating sport of surf-bathing may be indulged in, with the added charm of a bathing-pool constructed among rocks at the end of a breakwater, for the use of those whose powers are not equal to the more strenuous sports of the seashore.



ON THE FRINGE OF THE "LORNA DOONE" COUNTRY: THE HARBOUR AT MINEHEAD.

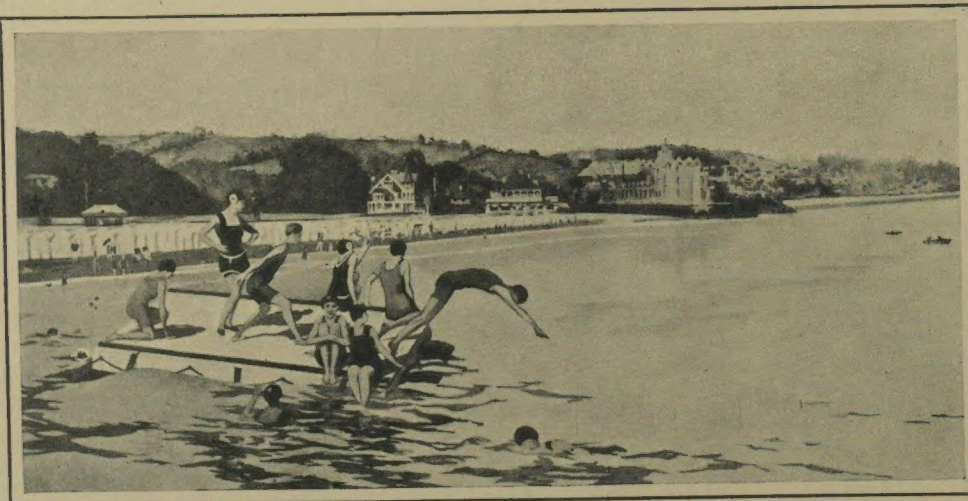
Pine-clad North Hill sweeps protectingly round the town of Minehead and the splendid bay of golden sands stretching away into the far distance, which is edged by a low-lying shore running eastward to the cliffs of Watchet, eight miles away. The town is the headquarters for the "Lorna Doone" country, and almost equally famous as a hunting, polo, or tourist centre and a seaside resort.

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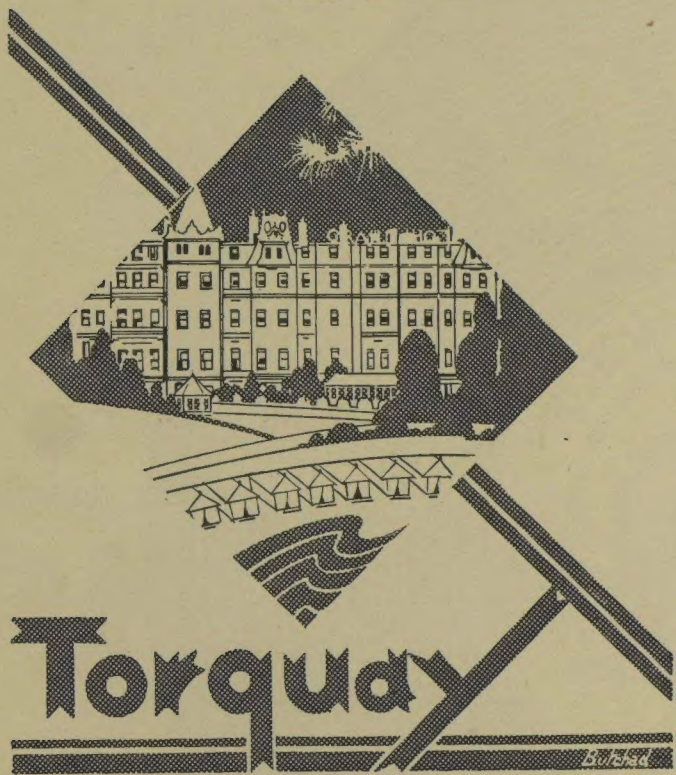
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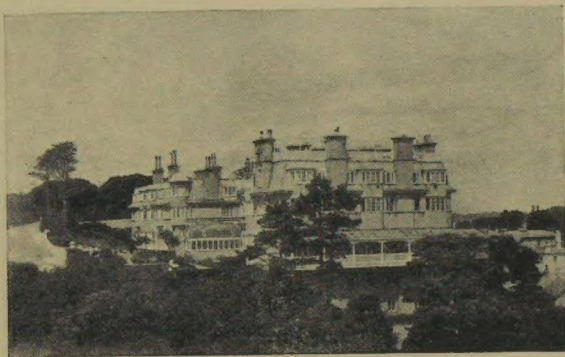
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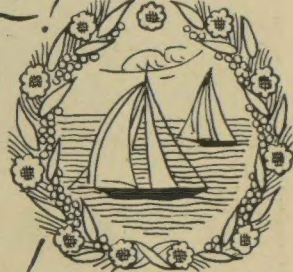


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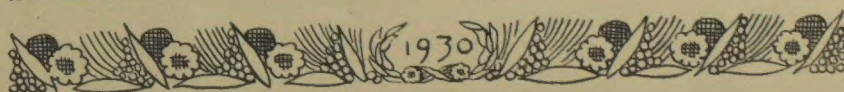


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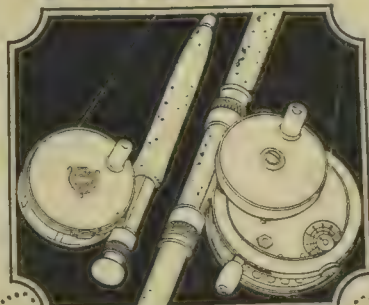
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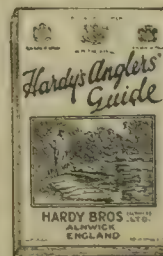


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SOMEBODY ELSE'S HOLIDAY.

IN a few weeks' time we shall all be packing up and leaving for the seaside, the country, or the Continent. We are already looking forward to our daily round of golf, our picnic excursions, our tennis tournaments. In fact, we are going to have a thoroughly good time. Perhaps it is not too much to ask our readers to reflect for a moment that there are people who simply do not know what a good time is.

Of all human deprivations, that of the deaf and dumb—"the most desperate of human calamities," as it was called by Dr. Johnson—seems to be the least understood; its effects and consequences are the least realised. People have a general idea that the deaf cannot hear and the dumb cannot speak, and think it a shocking calamity; but beyond that their realisation of the consequences of the deprivation does not extend. It is not by any means to be wondered at that so little is known of the true state of the deaf and dumb when it is considered that their affliction is not obvious to the eye. One cannot see a man's deafness in his face, as blindness can be distinguished. The Royal Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb, whose headquarters are 413, Oxford Street, W.1, earnestly asks us to bring their cause before our readers, and any holiday offerings should be sent to this address.

A particular appeal at this season of the year is that sent out by the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society. For fifty years this organisation has been giving protection to destitute children. It has a record of 34,000 rescued lives to its credit, and the magnitude of the work will be appreciated when it is realised that the Society has to keep up 110 homes. At the present time 4803 children are under care, and last year 1221 small recruits were received from all parts of the country. Many of these destitute waifs arrive in frail health, and are nursed back to fitness in the Society's homes. The secretary, the Rev. A. J. Westcott, D.D., will gratefully receive gifts at the Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, S.E.11.

The great Barnardo "family" needs little introduction to readers of this paper. The magnificent work which has been carried on by Dr. Barnardo's Homes since their inception sixty-three years ago is now a matter of national appreciation. The little book, "Bringing Them In," published by the organisation, tells the story of the work in a striking manner. Thirty thousand Barnardo children have been placed in the dominions, and in the 176 branches



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of Dr. Barnardo's Homes 18,063 children and young people were dealt with last year. On an average five children are added to this great "family" every day, and those willing to help this fine work are asked to get in touch with the Hon. Treasurer, the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, G.B.E., at 18-26, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

Of all the calls upon the generosity of the charitable public, there can surely be none more deserving than

that of the Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London. This institution is engaged in treating patients by the latest approved methods, and carrying on at the same time an unremitting research into the causes and possible cure of cancer. The hospital is staffed by eminent surgeons, physicians, pathologists, and researchers, and no expense is spared in providing the most up-to-date appliances. There can be no question, therefore, that every penny given to the Cancer Hospital (Free) is a contribution to the alleviation of suffering and to much-needed and very necessary research work. Poor patients are admitted free without letters or payment, and a number of beds are provided for advanced cases who may remain for life. The Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, must raise £150,000 immediately to pay for an entirely new radiological block and other much-needed extensions which will add eighty beds to the hospital. Cheques should be sent to the Secretary, and made payable to the Cancer Hospital (Free).

In mentioning some of the many hospitals for the poor we are impelled to touch on one which tends the animals of the poor. This is the Animals' Hospital in Hugh Street, Victoria, S.W.1, which was founded in 1906 by "Our Dumb Friends League." Every lover of animals will realise the magnitude of the task which lies before the League, and the hospital, which represents only one branch of its activities, has 15,000 patients to treat annually. Although the owners, however poor, prefer to contribute to

the hospital fund rather than to accept free treatment, the hospital is bound to depend for the bulk of its resources on voluntary contributions. Its objects are to provide free veterinary advice and nursing for animals injured in the streets, and for animals whose owners cannot afford to pay for them, and also to collect unwanted animals. Contributions to any branch of "Our Dumb Friends League" should be sent to the Secretary, 72, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

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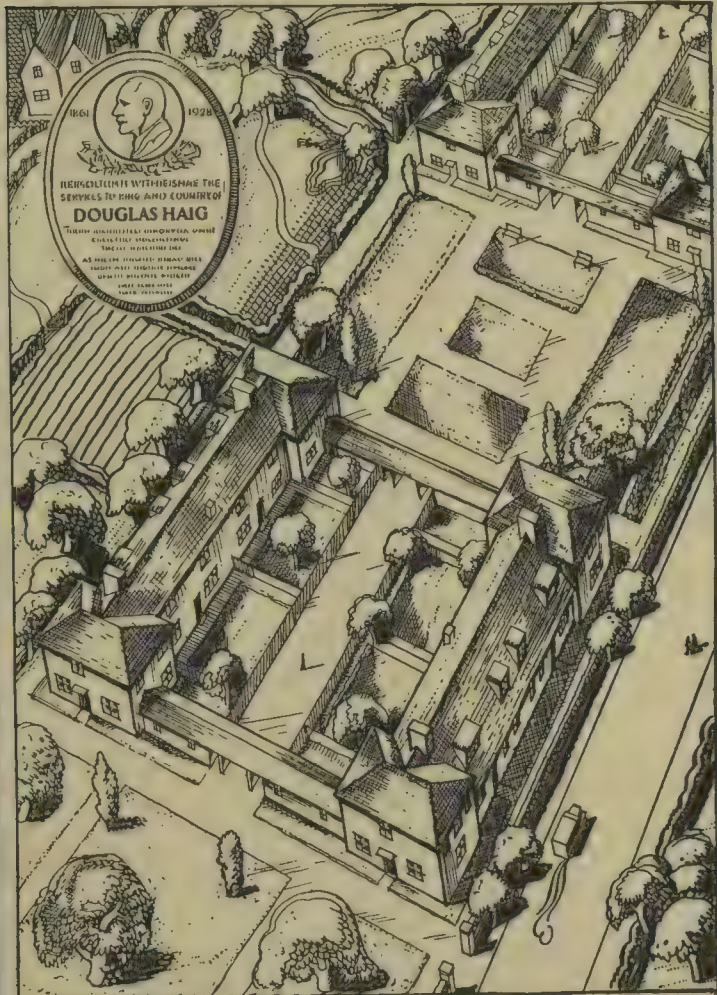


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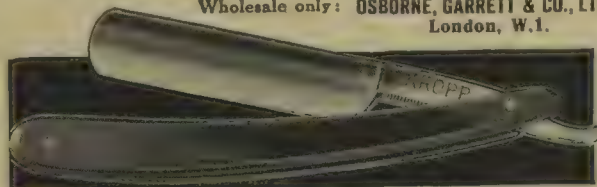
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The Old Stager : "Glad to see that at least one of you young men know a good thing when you taste it. This is Martell's Cordon Bleu. Carefully selected from the best that's made and then kept for 35 years in wood."

The Guest : "Its bouquet and flavour certainly show breeding and maturity."

The Old Stager : "That's it! Age and Quality, you know."

MARTELL'S

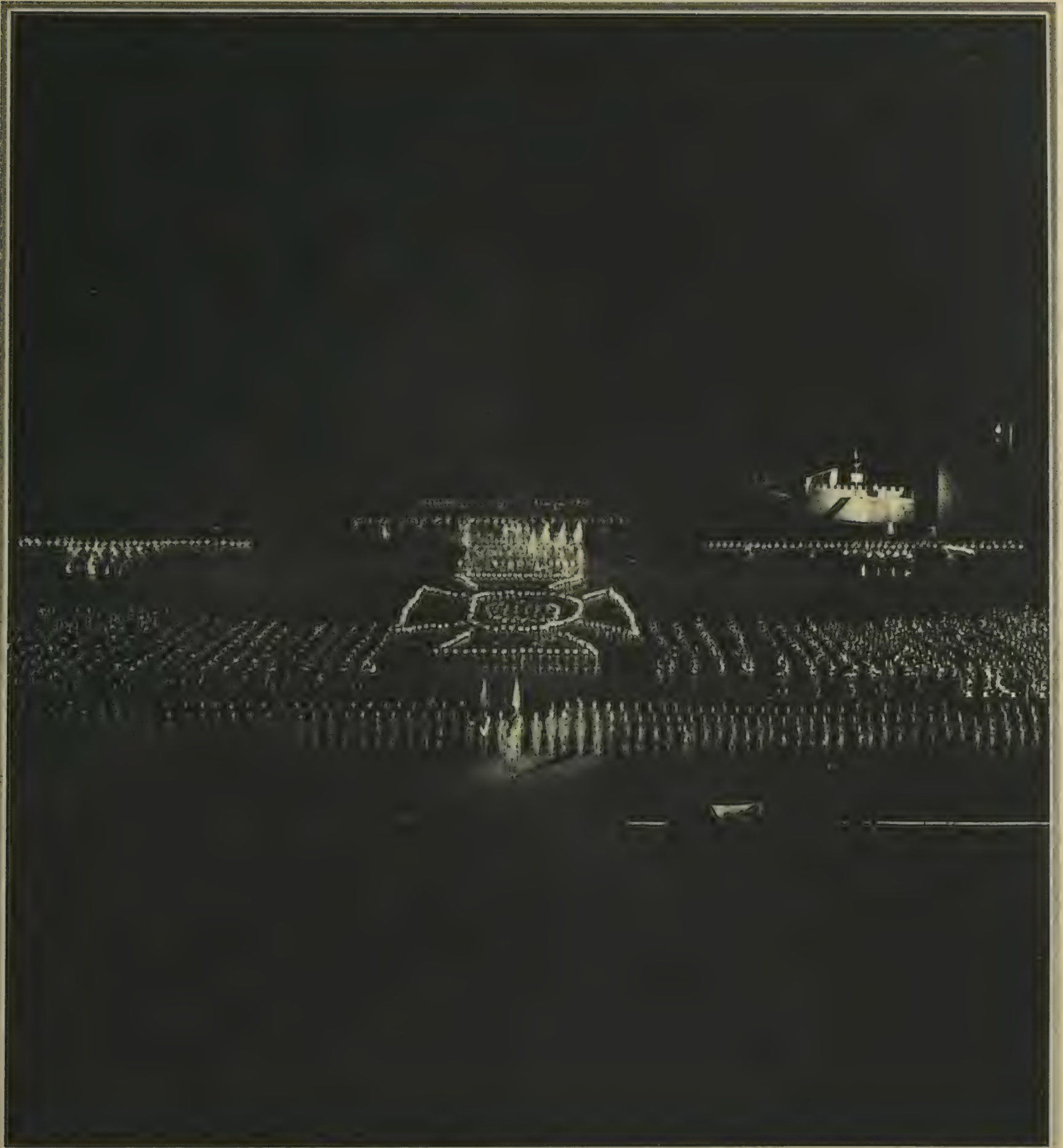
CORDON BLEU

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1930.

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THE GREAT AFTER-ASCOT SPECTACLE: THE LIVING, LANTERN-FORMED VICTORIA CROSS—THAT "MOST ENVIABLE ORDER"—AT THE ALDERSHOT TATTOO.

The Aldershot Military Tattoo, which began on June 17 and continued until the 21st, has become, as it were, the night-spectacle of Ascot Week, for many who have been to the famous race meeting—as well as thousands of others—make it a rule to go on to Rushmoor Arena. As the climax of the pageantry which went forward under the searchlights in that vast natural theatre ground, the

Victoria Cross—the twentieth-century symbol of British Military Valour—appeared, picked out in lanterns against the dark background of the floor of the arena. Behind it glowed the words used by the Prince of Wales when speaking of the Victoria Cross, at the dinner given to V.C.'s on Armistice Day, 1929—"That Most Envious Order"—outlined also by the lantern-bearers.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is a fact, ruinous to my chances as a Bright Young Thing, that I really feel it necessary to apologise for boasting. Whereas it is the simpler solution, of the new fashion, to boast of boasting. Being in a reasonable degree a respecter of reason, which is no respecter of fashion, I can still see no answer to the statement, known to maiden aunts and nursemaids when I was in the nursery, that "Self-praise is no recommendation." The maxim is now less often heard, because it would destroy the whole system of commercial advertisement at a blow. And yet I should not be surprised if even commercial magnates suspect the sort of servants who forge their own letters of recommendation. Anyhow, I have a morbid fear that any recommendation, written by myself for myself, will be as impudent as a forgery. Even in this passage, however, which is concerned with quite the reverse of occasions for boasting, I regret that I cannot make my meaning clear without making a sort of claim to a sort of quality. It really does seem that a certain old habit has so gone out of fashion as to leave men like me almost alone with it: a mind that moves to the ultimate and inevitable conclusion of any argument, or train of thought, rather more rapidly than is common with many people in many ways cleverer than I am. I can at least vaguely see where people will find themselves if they go on reasoning; though I admit that they often escape, with great dexterity, by suddenly ceasing to reason.

A worthy though wealthy Capitalist, compelled to argue in favour of men doing more work for less wages, said to me: "They ought to regard themselves as servants of the public, and not merely of the company." I quite naturally answered: "You mean to say you are a Socialist, and think they should be public servants paid by the public authority." I was quite startled at the start that this gave him. He nearly jumped out of his skin with horror, merely because I had seen the next step in his own argument, and supposed that he saw it too. In the same way a Socialist, in the days of the great *Clarion* campaign of Determinism, said: "It is abominable of the parsons to abuse human beings for what is only due to their heredity and environment." I replied, equally innocently: "If you are really going to leave off abusing people, I suppose you are going to leave off calling them abominable." The Socialist recoiled like the Capitalist, with the same start and stagger as of one leaping back from a precipice. Yet it seemed to me quite obvious that that particular path led to that particular precipice. Now, neither of these men was a fool; I should have been a fool in comparison, in dealing with many of their affairs. I think it very unlikely that I could have run a railway as well as the first, or a paper as well as the second. But they were quite incapable of seeing where their own line of argument was leading them; and I have found that this particular sort of blindness is very much more prevalent than I had myself supposed; perhaps much more prevalent than the alternative of sight. Consequently, while I do not think that logic has made me an extremist, it has made me understand extremes, and even sympathise with extremes.

I attribute this to having argued with old-fashioned atheists and studied old-fashioned theologians. Even if the atheists were determinists, their determinism was in every sense determined. That is, it began at the beginning and endured to the end. Even if the theologians were Calvinists, they had in the same sense the gift of final perseverance. Their final blunder was, indeed, inevitable; if not from the beginning of the world, at least from the

beginning of the argument. They also had the power of passing rapidly from the beginning of the argument to the end of the argument. And if it ended in an extravagant extreme, that was at least better than breaking down in the middle or not having the courage to begin at the beginning. It is this latter weakness which most often appears in the general discussions to-day. Recent speculation seems to be entirely a sort of guessing or groping; a progress of which even the next step is doubtful and therefore daring. It does not look straight down a long perspective to a visible end. In short, it has all the character of people living in a London fog.

religious crisis about whether the parson should take off his boots; another about whether he should take off his socks. And so the argument proceeds; and at every stage reasons are given that would involve his taking off everything or forbid him to take off anything. At no stage does it occur to anybody to go back to the beginning of the whole question and ask what is the proper nature of propriety. At no stage does it occur to anybody to ask what are the proper functions of a parson. Least of all does it occur to anybody to ask why there is any propriety or why there are any parsons. Writers and readers alike prefer to receive a series of shocks; by first falling over the parson's boots and then over his socks, and so on. That is why the whole subject is called shocking.

Now, a reasonable man will begin by asking himself what is the right theory of the body and the soul. And, if he is sensible as well as reasonable, he will soon see that the soul can best keep its right superiority to the body by not being bothered perpetually by debates about bodily conventions. Wild screams for modesty or immodesty are alike liable to bring the lesser things of life into far too much prominence. The first question will be: "Why should I disturb the habits of my people?" and nine times out of ten, for those who face the realities of human nature, it will be found that the motive for disturbing them is bad. But if they are disturbed, that again is not an occasion for making them so frightfully important. As a matter of moral health, it is far better to let such lower things settle down again to their lower level. But if we are going to argue about them, for heaven's sake let us argue clearly and rapidly and get it over. Let us recognise that there stands, at the end of one lane of logic, the ancient figure of the Adamite; that is, the man who knows so little of mankind as to think that nakedness is normal. Let us settle whether he is right, and, above all, why he is wrong. We shall then have settled all the minor arguments, by which it is denied that minor offences are wrong.

It is the same, of course, with any number of other moral questions, or even what are called political questions. To anybody whose mind works thus, from the start to the finish, nothing can be more deplorable than that century of progress, marked by what is called the gradual Extension of the Franchise. People ought to have made up their minds, to begin with, whether they believed in democracy or not. If they believed in it, they ought to have established it at the beginning. If they did not believe in it, they might perfectly rightly refuse it to the end. As it was, they had a series of mild shocks, as in the parable of the parson's boots. They had a mild shindy when the vote was given to butchers; another when it was given to bakers; a third when reckless demagogues would grant the suffrage to candlestick-makers, or whatever were the gradations of the community involved. I was brought up to admire this gradual progress, but I have come to the conclusion that it is the one sort of progress that I do not admire. I can understand the man whose goal is different from mine; the Bolshevik or the Imperialist or the adherent of a new religion. But I do not understand the man who thinks it better to reach his goal by a sort of obstacle race of shocks and newspaper crises; who is content to brandish the parson's boots in the far-off hope that he may some day wave the banner of the parson's trousers. Slow thinking is accompanied with incessant excitement; but quick thinking is more quiet.



AN AFRICAN BIG-GAME RARITY, IN DANGER OF EXTINCTION, THE HUNTING OF WHICH HAS BEEN STOPPED: THE GIANT SABLE ANTELOPE—A SPECIMEN IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK.

It was stated recently that the Governor-General of Angola had asked the Minister of the Colonies that no more licenses be issued for the hunting of sable antelopes, which are tending to disappear. This species was only discovered just before the Great War, by an English railway engineer in Angola, Mr. H. F. Varian. Our issue of February 26, 1927, contained drawings of the animal by M. Raoul Millais, who wrote: "It is only to be found in the bush between the Loando and Quanza Rivers in Portuguese Angola. . . . An adult bull is one of the finest-looking animals in Africa, his long, sharp horns sometimes measuring over 5 ft. His body is jet black." At a recent meeting of the Society for the Preservation of the Fauna of the Empire, held at the offices of the Zoological Society in London, it was stated that, after consulting the Secretary for the Dominions regarding East African game reserves, a representative had been sent out to survey conditions on the spot. The envoy is Major R. W. G. Hingston, whose article on the "roof" of a tropical forest in British Guiana appeared in our issue of June 7. He will start from Northern Rhodesia and work his way northward. At the same meeting a film of wild life in the Kruger National Park, South Africa, was shown by Mr. W. Holmes. [Photograph by the South African Railways.]

When the daily papers start one of their great debates on Faith and Morals, swaying the spiritual destiny of millions . . . as when, for instance, they inaugurate that soul-searching symposium called "Should Parsons Paddle?" the question of propriety is treated piecemeal. There is one great

WAR AS A PEACE SPECTACLE: THE ALDERSHOT SEARCHLIGHT TATTOO.



"I HAVE BUT THE BODY OF A WEAK AND FEEBLE WOMAN, BUT I HAVE THE HEART OF A KING": QUEEN ELIZABETH REVIEWING HER TROOPS BEFORE TILBURY FORT.

THE
RESTING
"HEROES OF
DETTINGEN"
WATCH
MUSKETEERS
AND
PIKEMEN OF
ELIZABETH'S
TRAINED
BANDS
MARCH BY:
BEHIND THE
SCENES AT
THE DRESS
REHEARSAL
OF THE
ALDERSHOT
COMMAND
TATTOO.



REPRODUCING THE CRUCIAL MOMENT OF THE BATTLE OF DETTINGEN: THE FRENCH INFANTRY (IN WHITE UNIFORMS) BREAK BEFORE THE ADVANCING LINES OF THE ALLIES; WHILE PRIESTS IN BLACK CLOAKS ATTEND TO THE DYING AND WOUNDED.

Those who have once been present at a performance of the Aldershot Command Searchlight Tattoo cannot help looking forward to the chance of repeating so entertaining an experience; and the Tattoo has been growing increasingly popular. In 1929 the spectators totalled 307,400, as against the 237,000 of 1928, and this year the number was expected to be even larger. The first scene presented this year comes from the seventeenth century. General Monck's Regiment of Foot, which had marched from Coldstream to support a free Parliament before the Restoration, in 1660, and who were still wearing the red-coated uniform of Cromwell's "New Model" Army, laid down their arms as defenders of the Protectorate; they take them up again in the name of King Charles II.—thenceforward to form the "Lord General's Regiment of Foot" in the newly-formed King's Guards

and be known popularly as the Coldstreamers. Another scene was placed in 1743, when the allied English and Austrians, hemmed in against the Main at Dettingen by the French, cut their way out by good luck and hard fighting. In yet another scene the tense hours when the Armada was in the Channel were reproduced: Drake playing at bowls, Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops at Tilbury; the Earl of Cumberland riding in with the news that the Armada had been defeated. Rhythm of bodily movement and rhythm of music had their place in the physical training display by the recruits of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and the playing of the Pipers. The climax of the Tattoo came when all the performers ranged themselves round the Victoria Cross formed in the arena by lantern-bearers—as illustrated on our front page.

"THE OFFSPRING OF FICTION AND LOVE."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"ROMANCES OF THE PEERAGE": By HORACE WYNDHAM.*

(PUBLISHED BY NASH AND GRAYSON.)

IT may sometimes be amusing, but it must often be exasperating, for members of the aristocracy to see their lightest words and acts furnishing paragraphs in the newspapers. And hardly less annoying when public curiosity takes a retrospective turn, and delves into the private lives of their immediate ancestors. To censure popular taste is easy enough; to analyse it is more difficult; but of one thing we may be sure: it craves romance. No one can foretell with certainty what the public will find romantic. It is a quality that attaches itself, in the popular fancy, more readily to women than to men; and it cannot as a rule (though there are exceptions to this) be improvised; it does not flourish in virgin soil. It needs the sanction of age. Where, then, are we more likely to find it than in the annals of an old, historic family?

Parliament a Bill of Attainder, "a piece of posthumous malignity, opposed to law and justice"—by virtue of which all Lord Edward's property was held forfeit to the Crown.

His beautiful widow married again, but the marriage was not a happy one. Lady Edward pined for gaiety and brilliance and wealth, things which Mr. Joseph Pitcairn, the American Consul in Hamburg, could not provide. She lingered on until 1831, when she died in poverty, and, but for the intervention of Louis Philippe, would have been buried in a pauper's grave. It is a pathetic story, and Mr. Wyndham tells it extremely well.

Less satisfactory, to my mind, are some of the other histories in which love plays the leading rôle. When divorce-court proceedings come in, Romance is apt to fly

out of the window; by the time a love-affair has become a *cause célèbre*, much of its sentimental appeal has worn off. That the affection felt by Lord Waterford for Mrs. Vivian, and by Mrs. Vivian for Lord Waterford, was strong and deep, Mr. Wyndham's narrative amply proves. That Lord Dunlo was really fond of his wife, once Miss Belle Bilton, music-hall singer and dancer, and only tried to divorce her because of the pressure brought to bear on him by his father, Lord Clancarty, is also clear; and there is something rather charming, if a little fatuous, in their rapid reconciliation after the petition had failed. There was an element of romance in both these incidents; but hardly enough to warrant Mr. Wyndham's dragging them out of the obscurity into which the principals

of aristocratic fecundity, it would appear that birth control was not then in general adoption among the upper classes. As a matter of fact, however, the ducal quiverful was much more restricted than this anonymous genealogist declares." He is more interesting as the historian of love than as its interpreter. He has a great deal of historical knowledge, and a gift for presenting historical facts in an attractive form. His little sketch of the earliest relations between the Peerage and the stage, culminating with "In thus furnishing the Peerage with a Duchess, a Countess, and a Baroness, 'The Beggar's Opera' established a record not yet eclipsed by any one drama, whatever its technical description"—is masterly.

In spite of his insistence on the "love-interest" inherent in Romance, I think the most successful chapters in the book are those from which love is excluded. What the real motives were that induced the sixth Lord Aberdeen to relinquish his home, his estates, and his position, and serve in America as a common sailor, though they are no business of ours, make a very pretty problem. The quarrel between Lord Carrington and Mr. Grenville Murray, a society gossip-writer of 1869, is interesting for its own sake, and as showing how private persons at that date treated the impertinences of press-men. The scene in Marlborough Street Police-Court calls out all the resources of Mr. Wyndham's lively pen. "That a British Court of Justice" (said The Tomahawk) "should be turned into a bear garden, and the very administration of the law fairly outraged by a parcel of excited men, whose petty personal and private concerns have for the moment obtruded themselves into the charge sheet, is a disgrace and a scandal that should not be shelved away with a mere indignant protest or smoothed down with a silly laugh."

Equally entertaining, and much more elevating, is the account of the second Lord Congleton, a member of the Plymouth Brethren, known for the greater part of his life as John Parnell. When this pious and exemplary man returned from his missionary journeys in the East and settled in Teignmouth, he practised an austerity so rigid that his house was not even furnished with carpets. They were "looked upon as 'snares' by the stricter members of the community. One of them even carried his objection to such a length that 'when his mother, fearing for his health, put a strip of carpet in his bed-room, he cut it up into blankets which he gave to the poor. 'What,' he said, when she remonstrated with him, 'has a Christian to do with the comforts of a world that is everywhere living in wickedness?'"

But the *clou* of the collection is undoubtedly the portrait of Baron Ward, "the Jockey Minister." Thomas Ward was a stable-lad. At the age of fourteen he was sent to escort a horse to Prince Lichtenstein in Buda Pest.



A LOT AT CHRISTIE'S: "THE ISLAND OF SAN GIORGIO MAGGIORE, VENICE."
 BY FRANCESCO GUARDI.

This Guardi is one of the pictures by Old Masters which are to come under the hammer at Christie's on June 27. It is described thus: "A view from the lagoons, with the island in the centre. sailing-boats and numerous gondolas in front. 12 in. by 20 in."—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]

Mr. Horace Wyndham calls his book "Romances of the Peerage." "What exactly is implied by the term, 'romance'?" he enquires. "One is given a choice of so many meanings. The average dictionary definition is 'an extravagant narrative which passes beyond the limits of real life, any fictitious and wonderful tale.' Then there are also numerous subsidiary definitions, ranging from 'French, or any of the tongues in Southern Europe derived from Latin,' to a verse or prose tale embodying the adventures of some hero of chivalry. Disraeli, who certainly knew something about it, called romance 'the offspring of fiction and love.' This, at any rate, will pass. Yet the commonest definition, i.e., 'love-interest,' seems the most applicable. As such it is to be found often enough in a bundle of yellowing letters, a length of faded ribbon, a withered flower, a scrap of paper in a secret drawer of an old cabinet. They all touch a chord to which every heart is responsive." Mr. Wyndham's book, therefore, opens two separate windows on the world of romance; for, if the Peerage itself is romantic, how much more the "love-interest" which brightens its records, distinguished but dusty with the passing of centuries.

Mr. Wyndham retails for our delectation several of these love-stories, some of them romantic enough, and with an irresistible appeal to the imagination. Among these is Lord Edward Fitzgerald's courtship and marriage of the beautiful "Pamela," whose exquisite portrait by Romney graces the cover of the book. No one knew, or knows, exactly what her origin was, but she was launched upon the fashionable world of London by Mme. de Genlis, who, an admirer of Richardson's novel, had changed her name from Nancy to Pamela. Lord Edward met the beautiful protégée in Paris, and within a week they were engaged to be married. For a time they were ecstatically happy; then Lord Edward began to dabble in politics. He joined the "United Irishmen," whose "openly-acknowledged aim was to overthrow British rule in the country and set up a Republic." Irish politics have always been dark with tragedy, both for the country and for individuals. Lord Edward Fitzgerald did not escape. He planned a general rising to take place on May 23, 1798; but he was betrayed. Just before the event, three officers and a body of soldiers burst into his room. "You know me, my Lord," said Major Swan: "I have a warrant for your arrest." Determined not to be taken alive, Lord Edward resolved to sell his life dearly; he killed one of his enemies, but he was wounded and overpowered. When he was told he could not see his wife, "Oh, break this to her very tenderly," he said. He never saw her again. His wound, which did not seem severe, proved fatal. He left his wife everything he had "as a mark of my esteem, love, and confidence." But the English Government, which behaved throughout with extreme harshness, rushed through

were, no doubt, glad to let them slide. The extracts from divorce-court evidence are not particularly amusing—much less amusing than Mr. Wyndham's own comments—and they give both incidents (in which real emotions were engaged) a rather squalid air.

Perhaps it was more justifiable to revive the story of the fifth Lord Bolingbroke, whose career was so sensational that it would have commanded attention even if he had not been a Peer of the Realm. "A double life being apparently not enough for him, Lord Bolingbroke indulged in a treble one. He maintained three separate establishments, and he maintained them simultaneously. Thus, while he lived at Lydiard under his proper name, he lived at Bath with Mary Howard as Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, and in London with Ellen Medex as Mr. and Mrs. Morgan. It was not until she died that he referred to Ellen Medex as Lady Bolingbroke."

I doubt whether one can call this Lord Bolingbroke a hero of romance; but he showed so much virtuosity in the conduct of a difficult life that his career is worth recording; and he could not have found a more amusing biographer than Mr. Wyndham. Still, I do not think that it is as Cupid's advocate that Mr. Wyndham shows his best paces. He is too anxious to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; he describes in detail and with relish the escapades committed by the lovers under the spur of passion, and then makes common cause with convention to condemn them. As a rule, he has an excellent sense of humour and a pleasant wit. Of "The King of the Plungers" he observes: "Although he can never be said to have come to years of discretion, Lord Hastings did come of age." But when inspired by the subject of love his pleasantries (like how many others!) are not always in the best taste. They are tinged with slyness and facetiousness. Commenting on the fact that the first Duke of Leinster had nineteen children, he rather heavily remarks: "From this example



TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION: "A RIVER SCENE, WITH A FERRY-BOAT: CLOUDY SKY."
 BY HERCULES SEGHERS.

This is figuring in Christie's sale on June 27. It is on a panel, 20½ in. by 34½ in. It has been exhibited and reproduced on a number of occasions, and was seen, for instance, at Burlington House in 1908, and at the Grafton Gallery in 1911. It is mentioned in W. von Bode's "Masters of the Dutch and Flemish Schools of Painting," and that authority wrote to Mr. Edward Speyer: "Yes, this is indeed, and without any doubt whatever, a Hercules Seghers, and a magnificent one, almost as fine as the one in the Uffizi in Florence."—[By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.]

He acquitted himself so well that the Prince got him employment with Charles, Duke of Lucca, afterwards Duke of Parma, an independent Italian sovereign. His fortune was made; his rise recalls the career of Joseph in Egypt. He became controller of the Household, personal administrator and Prime Minister. He assisted at diplomatic negotiations; he helped to make treaties. But he kept his head and was not unduly carried away by his success. "Think of a boy," he wrote, "taken from school in the ninth year of his age and put in a stable; and then see him occupied with the affairs of Europe and concluding treaties. Must not this be the work of God? Most certainly it is His work." One longs to hear more of this "foreign nobleman subject to the British Crown." Perhaps Mr. Wyndham, having whetted our appetites, will make him the subject of a monograph.

L. P. H.

* "Romances of the Peerage." By Horace Wyndham. (Eveleigh Nash and Grayson; 21s. net.)

DEATH IN THE CAUSE OF SPEED: THE TRAGEDY OF WINDERMERE.



ONE SECOND BEFORE THE BOAT MADE HER FATAL PLUNGE, CAUSED, IT WAS BELIEVED, BY SOME FLOATING OBJECT SUCH AS A LOG OF WOOD ON THE SURFACE: THE LATE SIR HENRY SEGRAVE WITH TWO COMPANIONS IN "MISS ENGLAND II." DOING 119.8 M.P.H. ON WINDERMERE, WHERE THEY MADE A NEW WORLD'S RECORD FOR MOTOR-BOATS.



SHOWING THE DAMAGED STEP BENEATH THE HULL: "MISS ENGLAND II." UPSIDE DOWN AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND A WOMAN IN A RESCUE BOAT HANDING A KNIFE FOR AN ATTEMPT TO CUT A HOLE TO EXTRICATE ANY OCCUPANTS.



STANDING AS A "MONUMENT" TO A TRAGIC FEAT OF RECORD-BREAKING: THE BOW OF "MISS ENGLAND II." POISED VERTICALLY ABOVE WATER AS SHE GRADUALLY SANK.



THE ILL-FATED RECORD-BREAKERS: (LEFT TO RIGHT) THE LATE MR. W. HALLIWELL, THE LATE SIR HENRY SEGRAVE, AND MR. W. J. WILLCOCKS, ADJUSTING THEIR AIR-INFLATED LIFE-JACKETS BEFORE EMBARKING.

THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE THREE OCCUPANTS OF "MISS ENGLAND II.": MR. W. J. WILLCOCKS, IN CHARGE OF RESCUERS IN THE BOAT TO WHICH HE SWAM AFTER THE DISASTER.



Tragedy befell the final attempt on the world's water-speed record made on Lake Windermere, on Friday, June 13, by Sir Henry Segrave in his motor-boat, "Miss England II.," accompanied by Mr. W. Halliwell, of the Rolls-Royce Company, and Mr. W. J. Willcocks, engineer of the boat. The boat had set up a new record by doing the first mile in 43 seconds (a speed of 96.41 m.p.h.) and the second in 41 seconds (or 101.11 m.p.h.). The mean speed for these two miles was 98.76 m.p.h., constituting the new record. The boat then turned again, for the third mile, at a terrific pace (afterwards established as 119.8 m.p.h.). Suddenly she disappeared in a sheet of spray, and for a moment nothing else could be seen.

Then she came to the surface, keel uppermost, with part of the step under her hull broken. The boat's bow rose vertically, and she gradually sank. Sir Henry Segrave himself, who had been hurled into the water, was rescued by Mr. P. F. King, of Windermere, who plunged in after him. He was taken ashore by boat, terribly injured, and died a few hours afterwards. The body of Mr. Halliwell was recovered, by dragging, two days later. Mr. Willcocks was badly hurt, but was able to swim to one of the boats that rushed to the rescue. It was stated later that the disaster might have been due to impact with a floating tree-branch found soon afterwards in the wake of "Miss England II."

WONDERS OF THE "DIM WATER WORLD": STRANGE FISH OF TROPIC SEAS.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT WHITELAW. DRAWING BY JOHN TEE-VAN.



THE TRIGGER-FISH (*MONACANTHUS*): A SHALLOW-WATER DENIZEN OF THE BERMUDA SEAS—ONE OF OVER TWO HUNDRED SPECIES COLLECTED AND STUDIED BY THE EXPEDITION.

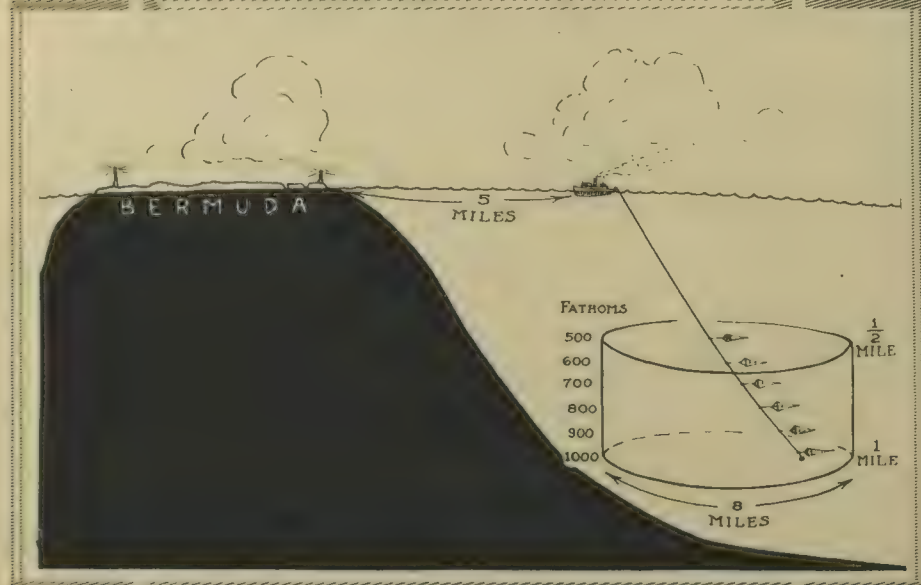
THE BLACK WHALELET (*CERATIAS*): ONE OF MANY STRANGE TYPES OF DEEP-SEA FISHES NETTED AND BROUGHT UP FROM GREAT DEPTHS BY THE BERMUDA OCEANOGRAPHICAL EXPEDITION UNDER DR. WILLIAM BEEBE.



WITH "TELESCOPE" EYES GAZING UPWARD AND A CURIOUS MOUTH: THE SILVER HATCHET-FISH (*ARGYROPELECUS*)—A DEEP-SEA SPECIES (SHOWN ALSO ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE).

THE FACETED BODY-LIGHTS OF A DEEP-SEA FISH THAT BEARS THE NAME OF *CYCLOTHONE*: A STRANGE FORM OF SELF-ILLUMINATION IN THE DARK OCEAN ABYSSES.

A STUDY IN FISH MOUTHS: A FULL-FACE VIEW OF A RARE SPECIES CALLED THE SOLDIER-FISH (*PLECTROPPUS*), A CURIOSITY OF MARINE LIFE.



A DIAGRAM SHOWING THE EXPEDITION'S TUG DRAWING SIX NETS THROUGH THE AREA OF OPERATIONS (AN IMAGINARY CYLINDER $\frac{1}{2}$ TO 1 MILE BELOW THE SURFACE, 8 MILES IN DIAMETER, AND 5 MILES OFF SHORE), THE LOCALITY OF EACH HAUL BEING CALCULATED BY SIGHTS FROM THE TWO LIGHTHOUSES.



TWO NETFULS OF DEEP-SEA LIFE FROM 900 AND 1000 FATHOMS, MUCH OF IT STILL ALIVE, IN PROCESS OF BEING SORTED FOR STUDY: CONTAINERS ON A TABLE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM ABOVE.

We give here and on the opposite page some further examples (in addition to those published in our last issue) of the many wonderful forms of marine life discovered by the Bermuda Oceanographical Expedition of the New York Zoological Society, under Dr. William Beebe, its Director of Tropical Research. The diagrammatic view of the sea near Nonsuch Island, Bermuda (the Expedition's headquarters) shows the method of deep-sea netting. In the Society's "Bulletin" Dr. Beebe writes: "The tug churns her way out due south for five miles. Here, with 1000 fathoms of water beneath our keel, we put over the 200 lb. weight and the wire cable is paid out. If I decide on the usual haul, we send down six 1-metre

silk nets, 100 fathoms apart, and then sufficient cable to lower them to depths respectively 500 to 1000 fathoms. For hours we now steam slowly along. . . . At last the cobweb line is reeled slowly in until we haul on board the 500-fathom net. The jar of precious specimens is carefully detached and labelled and the mesh washed for stray fish. When the sixth and last net is lifted in, the tug turns landward and goes full speed for Nonsuch. On the way in, any rare live fish is put in an iced aquarium. The thrill and excitement of the arrival of the catch never abates. A great table is prepared with shallow white containers, into which each jar full of strange creatures is emptied."

SEA MARVELS: ANGLER FISH; "TELESCOPE" EYES; BODIES "ALL MOUTH."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. FROM PAINTINGS BY MRS. ELSE BOSTELMANN.

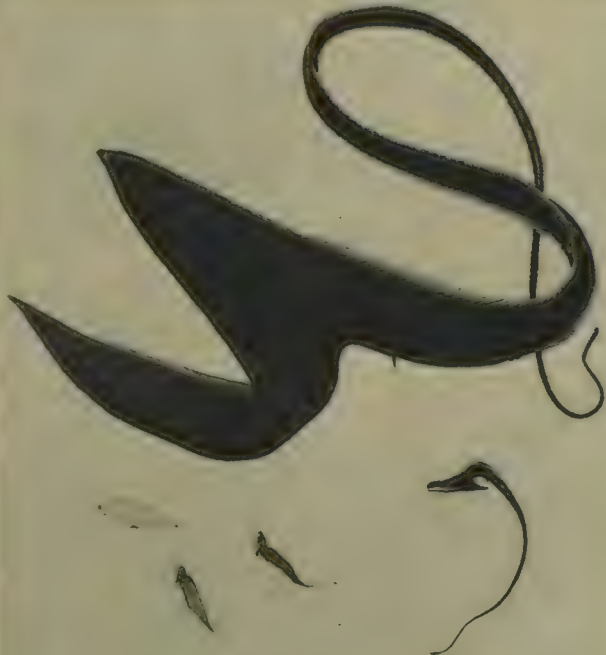
HERE is a further selection (in addition to those given in our last number and also on the page opposite this one) from Dr. William Beebe's "miraculous draught of fishes" netted in the ocean depths off Bermuda during the Oceanographical Expedition under his command, as Director of Tropical Research, for the New York Zoological Society. Explaining the basis and data of the above pictures, Dr. Beebe writes (in the Society's "Bulletin"): "Fortunately, deep-sea fish usually swallow their food whole, so in many cases I was able accurately to recognise the last meal. In some future net I was almost sure to find an injured or even living specimen of this food, and this gave me the material for a reliable painting in full action of the particular fish pursuing the prey in question. With the aid of my artist, Mrs. Bostelmann, I was able to record

[Continued below.]



NATURE'S ANGLERS, OF A SPECIES NEW TO SCIENCE: *LASIOGNATHUS*, THE DEEP-SEA FISHER, WITH ROD, LINE, LUMINOUS BAIT, AND CLUSTER OF THREE HOOKS, ABLE TO CAST FORE AND AFT, BUT PROBABLY USING ITS GEAR CHIEFLY TO FRIGHTEN AND CONFUSE ITS PREY.

ALMOST ALL MOUTH, WITH TINY EYES AND SKULL AT THE EXTREME FRONT END OF THE BODY AND A LINE OF TEN LIGHTS ALONG THE TIP OF THE TAIL: THE GREAT GULPER EEL (*GASTROSTOMUS BAIRDII*), WITH FOUR YOUNG PHASES.



HUNTERS AND HUNTED IN THE DEEP SEA: GOLD-TENTACLED SEA-DRAGONS (A NEW SPECIES OF *EUSTOMIAS*) PURSUING YOUNG LANTERN FISH AND FEATHER-TAILED COPEPODS, AT A DEPTH OF ONE MILE.

WITH "TELESCOPE" EYES LOOKING UPWARD, AND MAUVE AND VIOLET LIGHTS GLOWING DOWNWARD: THE SILVER HATCHET FISH (*ARGYROPELECUS HEMI-GYMNUS*), A DEEP-SEA FISH LIVING IN ALMOST ABSOLUTE DARKNESS, A MASS OF IRIDESCENT SILVER.



[Continued.] half a hundred such tableaux—scenes from the lives of these fish as authentic as though they were photographs taken at a mile depth. Up from the black depths came huge-mouthed Gulper Eels, creatures almost all mouth, with just sufficient muscle and tail to open and close the massive maw and whip it through the water. Then came unforgettable moments when the staff was summoned to view the leptocephalid young of this eel—as unlike the adult as an Indian pipe is unlike an orchid. Blind fish groped about our pans of abysmal loot, and with them tiny fish with eyes so large that these organs occupied quite half of the entire body. . . . Smooth, scaleless sea-dragons were taken by scores, many of them quite new—and most with fantastic barbels."

VISITING ALPINE PEAKS WITHOUT CLIMBING: A FLIGHT OVER THE GRÉPON.



A MOUNTAINEERING CONTRAST: CLIMBERS ON THE GRÉPON SUMMIT BESIDE THE STATUE OF THE VIRGIN (RIGHT); AND AN AEROPLANE WITH FIVE PASSENGERS CIRCLING ABOVE THE 11,300-FT. PEAK.

Aviation has made it possible to see the mountain tops, from above, without the labour of climbing. The aeroplane here shown, a Potez 32, piloted by M. Thoret, and carrying five passengers, is seen circling above the summit of the famous Grépon, on which sit a group of guides from Chamonix, beside the statue of the Virgin, the head of which appears to the right of them. In the background is the col and glacier of the Giant. This remarkable photograph was taken by M. Tairraz from the summit of the Grand Gendarme. A French writer describing

the scene says: "The Grépon, 3482 metres (about 11,320 ft.) high, dominates the valley of Chamonix. The first ascent was made on August 5, 1881, by Mummery, Burgener, and Venetz. It is one of the most difficult in the Mont Blanc group. It was on this peak that eight of the most noted Chamonix guides resolved to place a statue of the Virgin, protectress of mountaineers, and thus give it a unique pedestal. The figure is a little over 3 ft. high and weighs 50 lb. By great efforts, they hauled it up and erected it on the summit."

Defending Hadrian's Wall from Other Perils than Quarrying: A Raid.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ROBERT SPENCE. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST.



A CALEDONIAN RAID ON THE ROMAN FORT OF BORCOVICIUM (NOW CALLED HOUSESTEADS) IN THE SECOND CENTURY :
WHEN HADRIAN'S WALL WAS NOT AN "ANCIENT MONUMENT"—TO BE PROTECTED BY A NEW ACT.

The First Commissioner of Works (Mr. Lansbury) stated recently in Parliament that the Government had carefully considered the proposed quarrying near Housesteads on Hadrian's Wall, where stand remains of the Roman fort of Borcovicium, and that a Bill was in preparation to give the Office of Works adequate powers to protect the surroundings of ancient monuments, including the Roman Wall. The quarrying scheme, it will be recalled, has evoked many protests. A large reconstruction-drawing of the fort appeared in our issue of

April 26 last, with photographs of the district, and other photographs in that of January 18. The above painting represents a typical raid on the fort, by wild Caledonian tribesmen, about the end of the second century A.D. The original picture was presented by the artist to the Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, of which he is himself a member. In her book, "Hadrian's Wall," Miss Jessie Mothersole writes: "Britain was very disturbed from 161 to 193 A.D. The Wall and its forts and turrets suffered much during this period."

London Sights by a Japanese Artist: Yoshio Markino Studies.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY YOSHIO MARKINO.



"A 'MAJESTIC VIEW' IN LONDON": "WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WITH ST. MARGARET'S CHURCH."

Describing this subject, Mr. Yoshio Markino, the distinguished Japanese artist whose work is so familiar to our readers, writes: "The Westminster Abbey is, no doubt, a 'majestic view' in London. On Sunday afternoons,

when fewer of the omnibuses and other traffics are running, we can enjoy its full view less disturbed. Between 6 and 7 p.m. in the summer, the sun-ray penetrates right through the front road, searchlighting on the tourists."



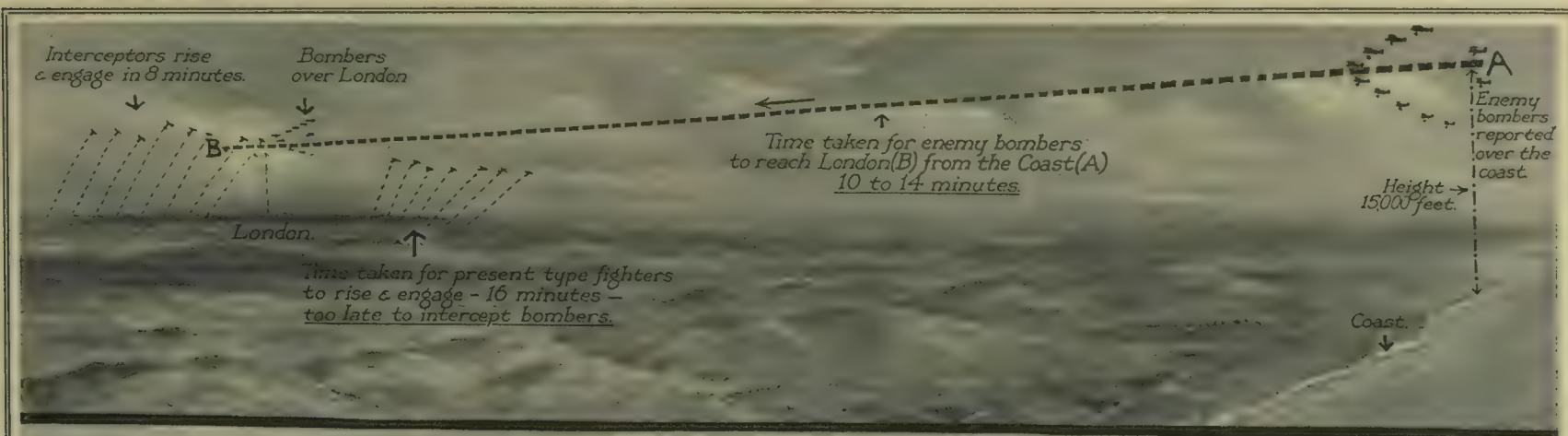
"WITHIN A FEW STEPS OF FLEET STREET": "TEMPLE GARDENS."

Of this, Mr. Yoshio Markino writes: "Once I had an appointment with an editor in Fleet Street; but, arriving there half an hour too soon, I had sauntered in the Temple yard instead of waiting in the editor's office, for

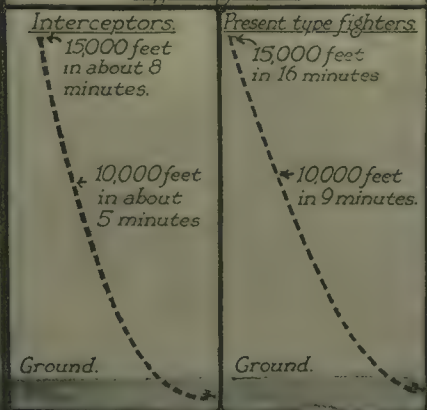
I am always hungry of seeing views. And I was well rewarded with this pretty sight! It was hard to believe that such a serene spot was within a few steps of Fleet Street, one of the most congested thoroughfares of London."

CLIMBING 10,000 FT. IN 5 MINUTES! "INTERCEPTORS" TO DEFEND LONDON.

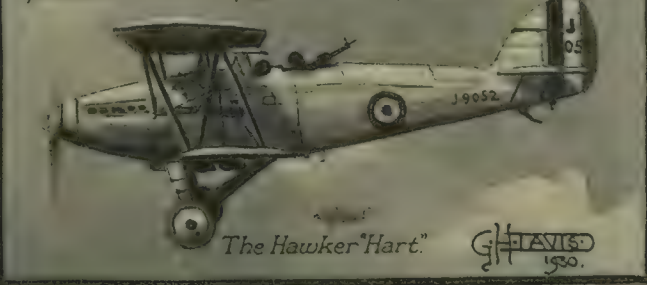
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS. BY COURTESY OF THE AIR MINISTRY.

Various Types of Interceptors

Climbing at a Speed of over 150 miles an hour
& Flying at over 200 miles an hour at 15,000 feet.

Extraordinary Rate of Climb of the New Interceptors compared with present type Fighters.

The New Type of Day Bomber that the Interceptors are Designed to Combat.
Speed about 170 miles per hour. 480 h.p. steam-cooled Engine.



TO BE FLOWN PUBLICLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE R.A.F. DISPLAY AT HENDON: THE INTERCEPTORS—THE FASTEST MILITARY AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD, ABLE TO CLIMB AT THE RATE OF 2000 FT. A MINUTE.

A very interesting feature of the R.A.F. Display at Hendon on Saturday, June 28, will be the first appearance in public of the new Interceptors, small fighting machines that have been designed specially for the defence of London against the new and speedy day bombers now in use. These new Interceptors are remarkable for their rate of climb, enabling them to rise rapidly to great heights to intercept incoming raiders. Their great climbing speed almost makes them human-controlled rockets. We show how a squadron of hostile bombing planes could now reach London in some ten to fourteen minutes after being reported

as passing the coast, and, should these raiders be flying at some 15,000 feet, the present type single-seater fighting planes now mainly employed in the defence of the Metropolis could not rise fast enough to engage before the enemy had passed them. The Interceptors, however, with their great climbing speed and excellent flying speed at great heights, could not only rise to the height of the raiders, but would have time to search for them in cloudland, and engage at the most favoured moment. The steam-cooling of the engines of some new bombers is an innovation, eliminating large radiators which offer considerable head-resistance.



THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL AWAKENING OF CHINA:

THE FIRST EXCAVATIONS IN CHINA CONDUCTED ENTIRELY BY CHINESE: TREASURES OF ABOUT 1500 B.C.



By a Correspondent in China. (See Illustrations on the Opposite Page.)

CHINESE scientists excavating in the district of Hsiao Tun Tsun, near Anyang, in Honan province, have unearthed a wealth of archaeological material which is expected to add greatly to our knowledge of certain early phases of Chinese culture. The work was carried out under the direction of Dr. Li Chi, China's foremost anthropologist, who was educated in America at Harvard University,

The imagination of Chinese antiquarians has been greatly stirred by the discovery of an ox skull which bears an archaic inscription referring to the capture of some white animal by the emperor. This is held by some to refer to the mythical unicorn, traditionally seen only when wise and virtuous rulers were on the throne.

One of Dr. Li Chi's most important finds was a fragment of stone sculpture (Fig. 3), which it is thought may prove older by a thousand years than the oldest example of Chinese sculpture previously known. The piece was found broken into three sections, which, when fitted together, formed the lower section of the figure of a man squatting on his haunches with his hands clasped below his knees. The whole thing was probably under two feet high. Though primitive, it reveals a fairly highly-developed technique, with well-modelled limbs and hands. The stooping posture of the figure, and the suggestion of a slot in the back, has led some archaeologists to suppose that it may have formed the base of a post. In many parts of the world, at different times, slaves have been buried beneath the main

Russia, the Balkans, and also in the Near East at Susa and elsewhere. Previously it had been found difficult to date this culture in China, but the discovery of a fragment on what is known definitely to have been a Shang dynasty site has done much to settle the question. It now becomes certain that the "Yang Shao" culture was at least as old as the Shang period; indeed, Dr. Li Chi feels that very likely it was considerably older. Evidently there was a cultural link in pre-Shang times between China and countries to the west. Traces were found of a white pottery, the existence of which had been known previously, and which belongs almost certainly to the Shang period. This is a very fine soft ware, slightly creamy, and bearing representations of animal-heads (Fig. 2). Fragments of black incised

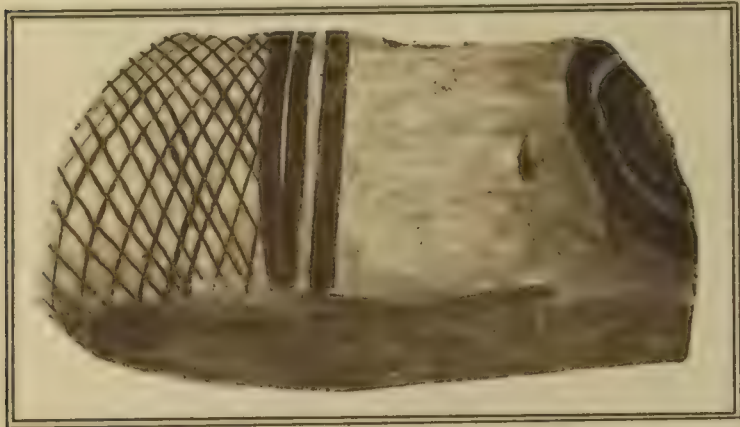


FIG. 1. A FRAGMENT OF PAINTED POTTERY DATING FROM THE SHANG DYNASTY (C. 1766-1122 B.C.) OR POSSIBLY SOME EVEN EARLIER PERIOD: A RELIC OF THE "YANG SHAO" CULTURE.

Evidences of similar culture have been found in Central Asia, Russia, the Balkans, and the Near East.

and is head of the archaeological section of the Chinese National Research Institute of History and Philology. About half the cost of the whole working expenses, including field and laboratory activities, is being borne by the Freer Gallery of Art of the Smithsonian Institution.

Known to have been a capital of the Shang dynasty (traditionally dated 1766-1122 B.C.) about 1500 B.C., the site was first found in 1899, when some inscribed bones were unearthed. Ancient bones are highly valued as medicine in China, and tons of these relics, later found to represent the oldest form of writing known in China (Fig. 6), were dug up by the local peasants and sold to native apothecaries. Later on, curio-dealers discovered their value, and thousands of pieces were shipped to museums and collections abroad. It is estimated that within a few years the site yielded 100,000 pieces of inscribed bone, and it is fairly certain that a like number, with the probable addition of numerous other unrecognised archaeological treasures, were destroyed before their value was realised. It was not until a few years ago that the work was put upon a proper scientific basis. The main finds were unearthed only within the last few months.

Dr. Li Chi's excavations have now revealed further large deposits of inscribed ox-bones (Fig. 6) and tortoise-shells, which apparently corresponded to the Babylonian clay tablets, and were used for the consulting of oracles. The tortoise-shell found is the part known as the plastron, while the ox-bones are the scapulae, or shoulder-blades. On the under-side of the bone or shell, small holes were drilled, but not completely through. Burning charcoal was then applied to these cavities, causing slight surface-cracks from which the oracles would read replies to the questions asked. The questions and answers are written on the surface, and deal chiefly with simple queries as to whether the sun would shine next day, whether it would be opportune to take a journey, and so on. They are chiefly of philological interest, but have also some historical value, since they frequently mention the name of the ruling emperor. Occasionally, crude drawings of animals, including the elephant and the tiger, appear among the characters.

pillar of a dwelling to scare off evil spirits, and it is thought possible that this may have been a stone substitute for this kind of thing. There is no sign of drapery, but the limbs are covered with curious marks which may possibly represent tattooing. Dr. Li Chi expresses the opinion that the sculpture belongs unquestionably to the Shang period, since it was found in an undisturbed part of the site where there had been no later intrusion. Previous to this, the earliest-known example of stone sculpture was an archaic group on a tomb erected near Sianfu to the memory of a Han general who died about 116 B.C.



FIG. 3. BELIEVED TO BE 1000 YEARS OLDER THAN ANY STONE SCULPTURE PREVIOUSLY KNOWN IN CHINA: THE LOWER SECTION OF A SQUATTING STONE FIGURE FOUND ON A SHANG DYNASTY SITE. (FRAGMENT ABOUT 10 IN. HIGH.)

Another valuable discovery was a piece of painted pottery (Fig. 1) belonging to the "Yang Shao" culture, previously found in China, closely similar forms of which have been noted in Central Asia,

pottery (Fig. 8), regarded by Dr. Li Chi as being the typical pottery of the period, were also discovered.

That bronze culture in China had already reached a remarkably high stage of development during the Shang dynasty was indicated by the discovery, on the same site, of fragments of burnt clay moulds (Fig. 5). These were cleverly constructed, and beautifully ornamented with archaic designs. It is presumed that they were used for the making of sacrificial vessels, though none of the latter was found on the site. Some bronze vessels which may have been contemporaneous were purchased from curio-dealers in a neighbouring village, but the connection has yet to be established. Other finds in bronze included socketed spear-heads (Fig. 7), well made, and fitted on either side with bronze loops by which they could be lashed to a shaft, arrow-heads, knives, pins (Fig. 7), and a beautifully-modelled representation of a scallop-shell (Fig. 10), which may possibly have formed part of a horse's harness.

Several pieces of jade fashioned into knives and hair-ornaments were found, and also carved stone discs with a hole in the centre (Fig. 9). Similar discs were reproduced in jade during later periods. Pieces of carved ivory and bone inlaid with turquoise, small lumps of gold, and an abundance of marine shells were also found, indicating that during the Shang dynasty the people of Honan did a considerable trade with the sea coast, situated several hundred miles away. From the standpoint of human interest the most outstanding discovery probably was a series of small round stone discs covered with cinnabar,

which still showed a vivid red. Cinnabar, according to Dr. Li Chi, was the Shang dynasty substitute for rouge, and these objects may perhaps have been fore-runners of the modern vanity-case.



FIG. 2. A FRAGMENT OF WHITE POTTERY WITH ANIMAL HEAD ORNAMENTATION: A SPECIMEN ALMOST CERTAINLY BELONGING TO THE SHANG PERIOD.

CHINESE ART, AND EARLIEST KNOWN FORM OF WRITING, 3000 YEARS OLD.

(SEE ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



FIG. 4. DATING FROM THE PERIOD OF THE SHANG DYNASTY: A FRAGMENT OF CARVED STONE, PROBABLY PART OF A BUILDING.



FIG. 5. FINELY ORNAMENTED WITH ARCHAIC DESIGNS: A FRAGMENT OF A BAKED CLAY MOULD FOR MAKING BRONZE VESSELS (SHANG PERIOD, C. 1766-1122 B.C.)



FIG. 7. BRONZE WEAPONS AND IMPLEMENTS FROM THE SITE OF A SHANG CAPITAL: (1) SOCKETED SPEAR-HEAD; (2) KNIFE; (3) SOCKETED CELT; (4) POINT; (5 AND 6) ARROW-HEADS; (7) PIN.

THE important discoveries described on the opposite page, and illustrated there and in the above photographs (numbered according to the writer's references), resulted from recent excavations conducted in the province of Honan by a Chinese expedition, under Dr. Li Chi, partly financed by the Smithsonian Institution, of Washington. "These discoveries," writes our correspondent in sending us the article and illustrations, "have been examined by such eminent experts as Père Teilhard de Chardin, the French anthropologist, and Dr. Osvald Siren, and the general opinion seems to be that they will add much to our knowledge of certain early phases of Chinese culture. This is the first work of the kind that has been carried out entirely by Chinese scientists. It has to be remembered that work of this kind in China is done under unusual handicaps, including civil war, banditry, and opposition from local residents. The archaeological material in the article has been revised both by Dr. Li Chi and Mr. Carl W. Bishop, Associate Curator of the Freer Gallery of Art at the Smithsonian Institution." The photographs are published here by courtesy of the

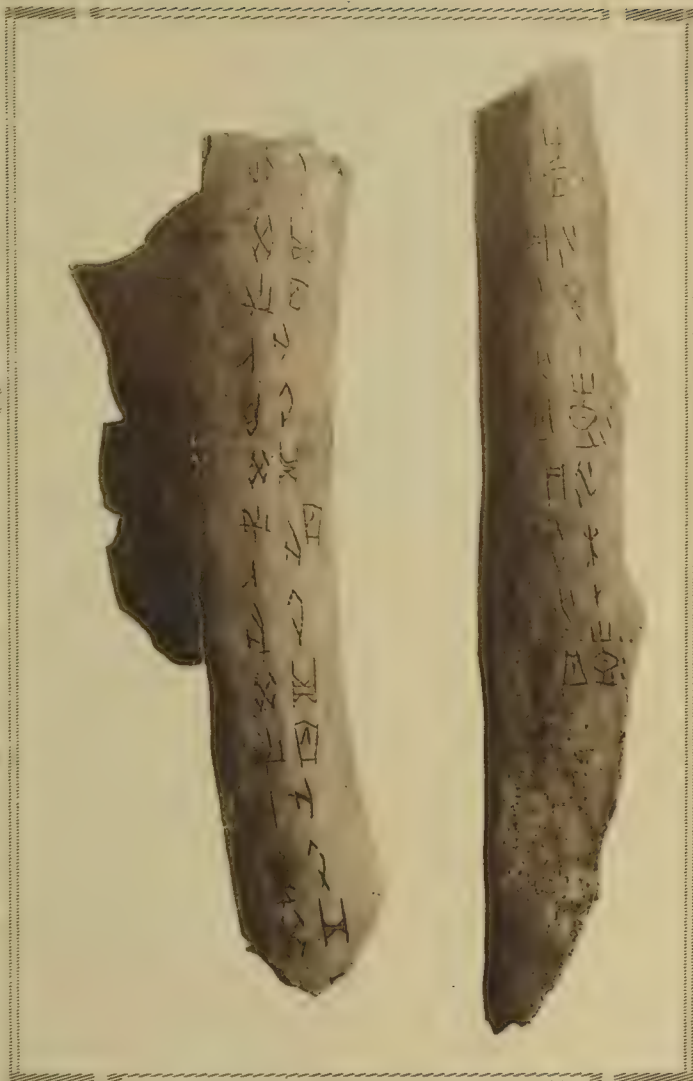


FIG. 6. AN EXAMPLE OF THE OLDEST FORM OF WRITING KNOWN IN CHINA: BONES INSCRIBED WITH QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, USED AS ORACLES UNDER THE SHANG DYNASTY.

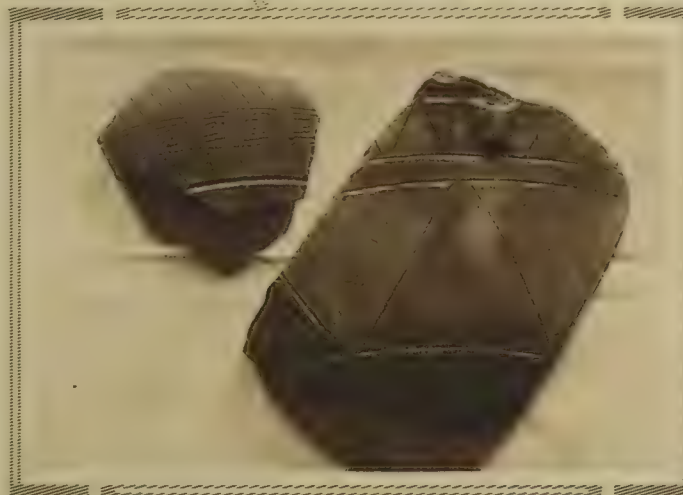


FIG. 8. FRAGMENTS OF BLACK INCISED POTTERY: A STYLE REGARDED AS TYPICAL OF THE SHANG PERIOD IN CHINA.

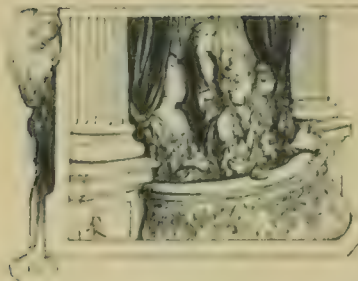


FIG. 9. FRAGMENTS OF CARVED STONE DISCS: SHANG DYNASTY FORMS REPRODUCED IN JADE IN LATER CHINESE HISTORY.



FIG. 10. A SCALLOP-SHELL, REPRESENTED IN BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED BRONZE: ONE OF THE MOST ARTISTIC OBJECTS FOUND.

Chinese National Research Institute of History and Philology, of whose archaeological section Dr. Li Chi is the chief. He hoped to continue the excavations this year, unless prevented by a recrudescence of civil war.



The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.



"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT."

IT is said that Lewis Milestone, the Russian director of "All Quiet on the Western Front" (the screen adaptation of Erich Remarque's novel that has attained the unique distinction of being presented at the Regal and Alhambra simultaneously), declared that he had no conscious idea of anti-war propaganda while producing the film. This statement throws a rather curious light on what is the weakest point of an otherwise magnificently achieved artistic unity. Such attempts at direct propaganda as the film contains are generally mere verbal accretions and *l'oucheurs*, aesthetically unsatisfactory and philosophically tedious. They are in, but not essentially of, the picture, and, since Mr. Milestone apparently disclaims all desire to be regarded as an anti-war publicist, it is difficult to understand why he allowed the spinning-out of some scenes to almost disastrous length, and the altogether unnecessary inclusion of others, so that his dramatic balances are sometimes overweighted to the verge of anti-climax. Mainly because of this tendency, the film is inordinately long. Had it ended with the scene in which the youthful Paul Baumer, having for the first time killed a man, is imprisoned in a shell-hole from which the nerve-racking shriek of shells and boom of gun-fire make escape from the company of his victim's body impossible, all would have already been well and truly said. And when the tortured boy breaks down hopelessly and begs his dying enemy's forgiveness, the note of international conciliation, which alone can ever end war, is as clear as the bugle call of armistice. But I am forgetting—the film was not intended by its director as a weapon

Quiet on the Western Front" undoubtedly is. For in this film Mr. Milestone has shown himself to be one of the greatest directors in the world. Chiefly because, against a background of tremendous scenic magnitude, of the mental bewilderment and upheaval of the small

figure; while John Wray, as Himmelstoss, the bullying sergeant-major, is a terrifying yet withal somewhat pitiful personality in the swaggering complacency with which he bolsters up his essentially unheroic self. Raymond Griffith, as the *poilu* bayoneted by Paul, gives a masterly portrayal in a part which the faintest false note would have rendered bizarre instead of deeply impressive. Beryl Mercer, as Paul's mother, is miscast. Coming so soon after "Medals" and "Three Live Ghosts," her performance is disappointing; she is far too plaintive as the German *haus-frau* proud of her soldier son.

On the pictorial and recording sides of the film no praise can be too high. The actual war scenes are almost stupefying in their visual and aural realism. In the quieter sequences, Mr. Milestone's habit of making his "shots" from the interior of a room or billet, with the outer world framed in a doorway or window, forms a pictorial composition that is no less effective than it is beautiful. Among the most memorable of these are the passing of soldiers beyond the windows of the class-room while the old professor fans the patriotic emotions of his boy hearers to fever-heat, and the steady downpour of rain seen through the doorway of a barn in which the company is resting. Through the rain move ceaselessly, like objects seen on a screen within a screen, supply-wagons, guns, and men, jolted or tramping through the wet darkness to the line.

It is difficult to say how greatly or how little "All Quiet on the Western Front" will appeal to the average kinema audience. But whether it attains popular success (translated in terms of box-office receipts) or not, it can never now be said that there has been no film of the war conceived in greatness and brought forth in splendour of technique and notable cinematographic achievement. It is as different from "Journey's End" in outlook and treatment as "The Case of Sergeant Grischka" is from either. As far as the kinema alone is concerned, it is a greater film than even "Journey's End." For, whereas the latter is essentially stage material and method splendidly interpreted in terms of the screen, "All Quiet on the Western Front" can claim no possible kinship with the theatre or any other art or craft than that of the kinema pure and undefiled. It is, indeed, a product such as no other process than that of the talking, sound-synchronised screen could give us. In this respect alone it is, with two exceptions, the most outstanding picture of the year.



"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT" AS A TALKING PICTURE: A SCENE FROM THE FILM VERSION OF REMARQUE'S FAMOUS WAR BOOK, WHICH IS BEING SHOWN AT THE ALHAMBRA AND AT THE REGAL.

"All Quiet on the Western Front" began its "pre-release" run at the Alhambra and at the Regal, Marble Arch, on June 14. It has had a great success in the United States, and it is generally agreed that it is one of the finest productions that have come out of Hollywood. Mr. Lewis Ayres plays the hero; Mr. Louis Wolheim, the old Katzinsky; and Mr. John Wray, the Sergeant Himmelstoss.

men and the young men of a nation, of physical horror that even in picture is well-nigh unbearable, he has succeeded in making his characters alive to themselves and to us. The change in expression, in bearing and address, that is wrought in this group of boys as they develop from light-hearted, eager-eyed students to men tired out before their time, with mental processes stultified by physical terror, imagination fouled by disillusionment, emotion wholly concentrated in the fear of killing and the fear of being killed, is as shocking to us who watch it as if we had known them personally before the change was wrought. If the nervous torture of these boys is sometimes emphasised to a point that appears perilously like cowardice, it is because the whole of the glamour has been torn away before their eyes and ours. Nothing remains of martial music or of flags a-blow; little enough vision of the need of the Fatherland; nothing at all of understanding of the end. And the war is against other foes than human enemies—vermin, hunger, ill-fitting boots all play their subordinate, but potent, parts in the undermining of youthful morale. It is not so much that spirits are broken as that they are twisted into incongruous shapes. The Paul who ultimately went



"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT": "I DIDN'T WANT TO WOUND YOU!"—MR. LEWIS AYRES AS THE GERMAN, AND MR. RAYMOND GRIFFITH AS THE FRENCHMAN.

of peace propaganda. So the long-drawn-out agony is continued, minutely, mercilessly, until Paul—the last of the young companions who had enlisted from a German class-room, full of high enthusiasm and the desire for self-immolation for the Fatherland—is himself killed by a French sniper as he endeavours to reach a gaudy-winged butterfly, alighted on the parapet of the trench on a morning when all is quiet on the Western Front. If the film must be carried to this pitiful end—so remorselessly true that its long-expected coming leaves us momentarily shaken as by personal relationship—the gradual slackening of the nerveless fingers, the final, helpless dropping of the seeking hand, should indeed have been the end. Youth has made the ultimate, but apparently inglorious, sacrifice. All the young men of all nations who died in the war are implicit in the dead Paul. There is, therefore, no artistic justification for the ghostly company of youth that marches, their faces backward turned towards home and safety; among the endless crosses, "row on row."

Yet all these are comparatively minor considerations in discussing a work of such breadth and power as "All

home on leave is not the same Paul who raced from the class-room, full of romantic enthusiasm and the gay determination to become not so much a soldier as a hero. Only Katzinsky, seasoned old campaigner and guide, philosopher, and friend to all young recruits, is the same at the end as at the beginning.

In this part Louis Wolheim gives the best performance of his career—a characterisation of broad humour deepening to a rough tenderness that hides the steel of tried courage and experience, and is at every point a very fine example of finished, naturalistic acting. As Paul Baumer, Lewis Ayres has a more difficult task, in which he reaches a high standard of restrained emotional effectiveness. Ben Alexander, too, as Kemmerich, so afraid to die after the amputation of his wounded leg, so proud of possessing the best pair of boots in the army, is another unforgettable



"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT": PAUL AND SOME OF HIS COMRADES AFTER SERGEANT HIMMELSTOSS HAS DRILLED THEM AND MADE THEM CRAWL IN THE MUD AS TRAINING FOR THE FRONT LINE FIGHTING.

A COUNTERPART TO COLCHESTER'S TEMPLE OF MITHRAS: THE CAPUA MITHRÆUM; WONDERFUL FRESCOS.



A FRESCO IN THE TEMPLE OF MITHRAS FOUND AT CAPUA: ONE OF THE TWO TORCH-BEARERS ON OPPOSITE WALLS OF THE ENTRANCE.

Amongst the few paintings, those found at Capua are the finest, for grandeur of composition, variety of subjects, and brilliancy of colours. The Capuan Mithræum was discovered in subterranean galleries near the ancient Capitol. It consists of a rectangular room or crypt, cut in the rock far from the profane gaze, as required by the Mithraic mysteries. Its long walls run north to south, and have two long benches, used for meetings of the initiated. At the junction of the north and west walls is the altar, of masonry covered with red stucco. Both the walls and vault of the crypt are covered with stucco and paintings. On the west wall, over the altar, is the great fresco of Mithras killing the Bull. This magnificent scene, painted in vivid colours, occupies the whole of the arched surface and presents a splendid background to the crypt, which has a star-studded ceiling. The sacrificing god is represented with all the emblems of the Mithraic creed. His triumph over the beast symbolises the vivifying power of the sun. Numerous inscriptions prove that the principal epithet of Mithras was that of "Sol invictus," the invincible Sun. All the animal figures round the central group

[Continued in Box 3.]



WITH A TORCH IN THE RIGHT HAND, AND IN THE LEFT A BUNDLE OF SPRIGS, SYMBOLS OF FLAGELLATION: THE OTHER DADOPHOROS.

THE recent discovery of a Roman temple of Mithras at Colchester (illustrated in our issue of May 24) lends great interest, for purposes of comparison, to the Italian example here shown, found a few years ago at Capua, in Campania. "The Asiatic cult of Mithras," writes Professor Halbherr, "was diffused in ancient Europe — chiefly after the time of the Flavian emperors — by Oriental merchants and soldiers of the Roman legions, and there were many shrines dedicated to this exotic deity all over the Roman world, several of which have been discovered and excavated in recent years. But in none have been found such splendid representations of the Mithraic myth and symbols as at Capua, nor such important elements for further knowledge of the Mithraic religion. Generally, representations of Mithraic scenes are in relief.

[Continued in Box 2.]



THE INTERIOR OF THE MITHRÆUM FOUND AT CAPUA: A SUBTERRANEAN CRYPT, WITH ALTAR (LEFT CORNER), LONGITUDINAL "BENCHES" FOR WORSHIPPERS, AND THE WEST END WALL COVERED WITH A FRESCO (SHOWN IN DETAIL BELOW) OF MITHRAS SLAYING THE BULL.

take a direct part in the action. The dog rears itself towards the Bull's wound to lick the blood, which is the fount of life; the scorpion bites the dying beast; and the serpent glides underneath, putting out its forked tongue to receive the dripping blood. Above is the Sky, with the figures of Day and Night—Apollo and Diana. Below, the image of the Earth, with long green hair, symbolising vegetation, and that of the Ocean, with lobsters on the head and beard, complete the supreme triad of the Mithraic Pantheon. On either side of Mithras stand the two *Dadophoroi*, or torch-bearers, armed with bow and quiver, the one with a raised, the other with a lowered, torch, typifying sunrise and sunset. Facing this picture, on the eastern wall of the hypogeum, another fine fresco represents the Moon driving through heaven in her

[Continued below.]



THE FRESCO OF MITHRAS SLAYING THE BULL, WITH A DOG AND A SERPENT DRINKING ITS BLOOD; A SCORPION BITING IT; APOLLO AND DIANA; TORCH-BEARERS; AND HEADS OF OCEAN AND EARTH.



PAINTED IN PALE BROWN TONES TO CONTRAST WITH THE BRILLIANT COLOURING IN THE OPPOSITE FRESCO OF MITHRAS, A SOLAR DEITY: LUNA (THE MOON) DRIVING THROUGH THE NIGHT IN HER CHARIOT DRAWN BY TWO HORSES.

two-horse chariot. The contrast of this scene, painted in faint brown colours, with the brilliant one of Mithras opposite, is evidently intentional: the Moon reigns in darkness, Mithras triumphs in the light. The entrance of the crypt is guarded by two other torch-bearers in oriental costume, facing each other on the side walls, both holding in their left hands a bundle of sprigs. These bundles symbolise the rites of initiation, as Mithraic neophytes could only approach the altar after having been purified by flagellations and aspersions. Although there is no evidence to assign an exact date to the Mithræum of Capua, it has been

attributed to the early part of the second century of the Roman Empire. Those were the days when Puteoli, the great harbour in the Gulf of Naples, was the emporium of Rome's eastern trade and—until the rise of Ostia—the centre of diffusion of oriental cults in Italy. The neighbouring town of Capua, situated on the Appian Way, the great 'trunk line' between Naples and Rome, was naturally one of the first halting-places in their march towards the capital of the Empire; and not only the worship of Mithras, but other eastern religions, found there an abundance of proselytes."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ARCHÆOLOGY AND FINE ARTS. SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR F. HALBHERR.

THE REAL JOAN OF ARC: A MANLY MAID— HER APPEARANCE, HER DRESS, HER ARMOUR.

M. Adrien Harmand has just published, as a sequel to years of research, a very important work on masculine costume as it was at the epic period of Joan of Arc; that is to say, 1429-1430. This is entitled "*Jeanne d'Arc, ses costumes, son armure*" (published by Ernest Leroux); and it will certainly reveal to many a Maid who is vastly different from the one made familiar by artists and cherished by the world at large. That being so, we give below a translation of an article written for "*L'Illustration*" by that erudite student of Joan's life and trial, M. Pierre Champion, who, it will be seen, is in complete agreement with M. Harmand's "reconstruction."



AS SHE WAS DRESSED WHEN SHE WENT TO THE STAKE: JOAN OF ARC IN FEMININE ATTIRE AND WEARING THE MITRE OF INFAMY.
From the Drawing by Adrien Harmand.

AS far as we are aware, no contemporary portrait of Joan of Arc is extant. The painting which was to be seen at Ratisbonne in 1429, on payment of a fee of 24 pfennigs, has disappeared; so has the one which Joan herself may well have looked at when it was in the possession of a Scot at Arras while she was held a prisoner there.

The oldest picture of Joan of Arc is a small imaginary sketch of her—nothing more than an illumination done on a register of the Parlement de Paris by the Burgundian clerk of the court, shortly after the relief of the city of Orleans. This is in the nature of



THE TRUE JOAN OF ARC: THE REAL MAID—AS "RECONSTRUCTED" BY M. ADRIEN HARMAND.
From the Drawing by Adrien Harmand.

a caricature: Joan is dressed in woman's clothes; her throat is bare; and her long hair falls on to her shoulders. On the other hand, a piece of German tapestry, preserved in the museum at Orleans and depicting the arrival of the heroic girl at Chinon, is serious evidence, undoubtedly contemporary, and would be of extraordinary value for the costumes,

if trans-Rhénan styles could be accepted in place of those then in vogue in France. The hat with turned-up brim which the Maid wore at her entry into Orleans was in "*la maison de l'Oratoire*" at Orleans in 1631, but it was burnt in 1793. For our knowledge of Joan and her costume we are reduced, therefore, to the descriptions left by one or two of her contemporaries and to the answers made by Joan herself in the course of her trial.

These tell us that she was rather short, with homely, rustic features; that she wore her black hair cut short in a "ring," well above her ears, after the manner of the men of her time; that her soft voice was that of a young girl. Martin Le Franc gives a description of her, written in 1441: "She wore a felt hat, a hooded cloak of thick cloth, and a short coat." Clearly the history of masculine costume must be determined before we can reconstitute Joan of Arc's appearance in 1429 and 1430. No one had undertaken this necessarily long and difficult investigation before M. Adrien Harmand did so. He has just published the results of his task in their final form; a noble achievement, and one which will make epochal the fêtes of Joan of Arc's fifth centenary.

Some may find the Maid as presented by M. Harmand surprising. I make a point of saying here that his "reconstruction" is meticulously accurate, and also, as may be seen from his drawings, as vivid and as stimulating as any of the imaginary representations which have been elaborated by painters and sculptors.

During a term of years, M. Harmand has worked through the greater number of the manuscripts in French, English, German, and Italian libraries, in his search for illustrated books which are absolutely contemporaneous with Joan of Arc. This labour of his deserves great praise—for the manuscripts utilised even by such a conscientious artist as Boutet de Monvel nearly all date from the last half of the fifteenth century, are chiefly from the well-stocked library of the Dukes of Burgundy, and portray the men and women of the time of Louis XI. and Charles VIII., never the contemporaries of Charles VII.

Some, perhaps, will be shocked by this new version of Joan of Arc; her boyish appearance certainly scandalised her judges and astonished the people of her time—among others, the good folk of Chinon. Painters and sculptors will undoubtedly take sides over the question.

An accurate picture of Joan of Arc as she was before the day of her martyrdom would show her dressed in the clothes of a young man. The so-called "*coiffure à la Jeanne d'Arc*" was never worn by her: she wore her hair cut short, peasant-wise—as was necessary for the wearer of a helmet of those days. Living among soldiers, Joan had to put aside all femininity and forget her sex. Her only extravagances were fine accoutrements, gorgeous hukes, and mighty war-horses. We ought to allow her her male costume, and not thrust upon her the long tresses with which Fremiet beautified her, or the chignon Barras gave her. Nor should she have the sallet helmet Paul Dubois set on her: it is an anachronism on her head, just as is a German helmet of the time of Albrecht Dürer! We ought to admit the unsuitability of eking out her warlike harness with a short skirt—an attempt at disguise which even

the loose women among the camp-followers of her armies would not have put up with. Neither should we see King Charles VII. appearing in a



THE TRUE JOAN OF ARC: THE MAID LEAVING VAUCOULEURS FOR CHINON—AS DEPICTED BY ADRIEN HARMAND.

From the Drawing by Adrien Harmand.

long "dressing-gown," which only came in fashion under Louis XII.

M. Adrien Harmand's study is a treasure-house of science and patience. The author, who was a pupil of "*l'atelier Gérôme*," is at once an artist and an antiquarian; and, further, he became a dressmaker during the progress of his work, "creating" all the models for his drawings from rare and little-known manuscripts of the 1430 era. He said to me: "I did not forge my own armour—but that is the only thing which I have not constructed."

It is for the reader to decide whether M. Harmand's "reconstructions" of Jeanne d'Arc on the road to Chinon; of Jeanne d'Arc in triumph carrying her standard; of the true and tragic figure of Jeanne in her "mitre" at the stake, are not more touching in their simple realism than the traditional versions of the painters, sculptors, and organisers of pageants. I, at all events, have already taken sides—and my side is that of historical truth.



HOW JOAN OF ARC WORE HER HAIR—THAT SHE MIGHT BE ABLE TO WEAR A HELMET: *COIFFURE À L'ÉCUELLE*.

This illustration, which is from M. Harmand's book, is after a portrait of Nicolas Robin, Burgundian Chancellor in about 1430.



AN ACCEPTED PORTRAIT OF JOAN OF ARC: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MINIATURE.

For many years this miniature was accepted as an authentic likeness of Jeanne; but, as M. Harmand points out, no authentic portrait of her survives.

Reproduced from Mr. T. Douglas Murray's "*Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans and Deliverer of France*" (Published by Messrs. Heinemann).

FOUR TAPESTRIES THAT FETCHED £32,750:
MEDIÆVAL TREASURES WHICH WERE AUCTIONED
AT THE RECENT FIGDOR SALE.



AN EARLY SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ANTEPENDIUM (IN WOOLS) FROM NUREMBERG WHICH FETCHED £2900: THE VIRGIN AND CHILD; THE THREE KINGS, IN THE COSTUME OF 1400; CAMELS AND FOLLOWERS.



SHOWING A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY LORD OF THE MANOR DISPENSING JUSTICE TO HIS PEASANTS AT THE MANOR GATE: A TOURNAI TAPESTRY (REMARKABLE FOR THE FINENESS OF THE WORK) WHICH FETCHED £20,350.



A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY TAPESTRY (WORKED IN WOOL, SILK, AND GOLD THREAD) THAT WAS SOLD FOR £5800: AHASUERUS, ENTHRONED UNDER A BALDACHIN, RECEIVES ESTHER.



THE LORD OF THE MANOR, IN A ROBE OF POMEGRANATE PATTERN; AND A RETAINER WITH A STAFF OF OFFICE: DETAIL OF THE TOURNAI TAPESTRY.

AS was to be anticipated, the sale of the famous Figdor Collection, which began in Vienna on June 11, was notable for the high prices fetched for numerous lots: the eight hundred and ten pieces which came under the hammer were sold for a total of £190,000. Included were the four tapestries here illustrated. The Virgin and Child with the Three Kings is 200 by 85 cm., and was the antependium, or front hanging, of the altar of St. Laurence's Church in Nuremberg. The Ahasuerus and Esther measures 183 by 280 cm. In the third tapestry illustrated, the lord of the manor wears a blue-and-white robe of "pomegranate" pattern; before him stand the countrymen, with various expressions of nervousness, reverence, and cunning faithfully recorded in wools (396 by 370 cm.). In the "middle distance" on the right an official—perhaps a lawyer—is holding forth to a group of peasants who listen with expressions of obvious mistrust. The fragment of Swiss tapestry measures 223 by 91 cm.



AN AMUSING SWISS TAPESTRY OF WILD MEN AND WOMEN COVERED IN SHAGGY HAIR, AND EQUALLY FABULOUS BEASTS—WORKED IN WOOLS: A MIDDLE-FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FRAGMENT WHICH FETCHED £3500.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

MISSING LINKS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THAN the term "missing links," I suppose, there is none in regard to Natural History which is more misunderstood; often it is used flippantly. What do we mean by a "missing link"? That is a question more easily asked than answered.

In the classification of animals we no longer place any great value on mere external resemblances, but rather seek to trace their blood-relationships. This can only be done by taking account of all the structural characters presented in common by any given group of animals—or plants. And this investigation proceeds till we find that the particular group of birds or beasts which we are studying must be split up into smaller and smaller groups, each sharing some common character peculiar to themselves. This method of analysis invariably leaves us with certain "aberrant types," displaying a likeness now to this group and now to that, but which, from this very reason, cannot be placed with either. They are the bane of the systematist, but precious "links" to the genealogist. We regard them, in short, as "primitive types," or "missing links," in what some call the "chain" of life. This is an unfortunate term, since we do not find, in tracing records of descent, that these display an orderly sequence, such as the word "chain" suggests. Rather, the result is comparable to the innumerable branches and twigs of a tree, all of which have a common origin in the parent stem.

As good an example as you will find anywhere of a "missing link" is archæopteryx, the first known bird; for it had a long, lizard-like tail, and teeth in its jaws. These are but some of the more evident witnesses of its origin from a reptilian stock. It is a "link" between the reptiles and the birds. Unless we assume that birds had no ancestors, we cannot escape this conclusion, for the tail of archæopteryx and its teeth are clearly heritages from some reptile ancestor. This theme of "missing links" was suggested to me by a kindly letter, which came to me the other day from Montevideo, requesting that I would say something on this page concerning that "curious contradiction in anatomy and habits—the 'seed-snipe' of the Argentine." This is, indeed, as my correspondent says, "a strange bird which presents at once the colouring and gregarious and feeding habits of the sandpipers, the bill of a finch, and the feet of a swallow. . . ." "From whence," he asks, "comes this curious mixture of generic characteristics?"

The seed-snipers, of which there are several species, divided between two genera, have long been a stumbling-block to the ornithologist, and they are, it should be remarked, by no means confined to Argentina. For

Thinocorys rumicivorous (Fig. 1) ranges through Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, and Patagonia; while *Attagis malouina* inhabits the Straits of Magellan and the

one sees emphatically the plover-like character of the gulls. In the skeleton and the muscles stand the witness of their affinities. And so it is with the seed-snipe. The skeleton is emphatically "plover-like"—using this term in its widest sense—though the skull shows characters of a more primitive type, which, I venture to predict, will become still more manifest when the bones of the palate of a nestling come to be examined. The breast-bone of the typical plovers [has a doubly-notched hinder border (Fig. 3). In the seed-snipe (Fig. 2) there are only one pair of notches, but they share this peculiarity, I believe, with some other "plovers" which, again, in other features are less typically "plovers." I need not, however, enter at length into anatomical details; it will suffice to say that these prove, beyond cavil, a common heritage from the stock which gave rise to the plover tribe.

What is of more interest to us is the problem presented by the existence of these so-called "aberrant" types. The plover tribe contains many: such, for example, as the pratincole (*Glareola*), the courser (*Cursorius*), the crab-plover (*Dromas*), the sheathbill (*Chionis*), to mention but a few. These are all peculiar types, and such as would puzzle those who have not a fairly intimate knowledge of birds as a whole. Each of them shows adjustments to habitat, or to modes of life differing from their more typical congeners. Yet all show that in their essential character they are "plovers." They represent, in short,

groups which, while the plover tribe was, so to speak, still "in the making," for one reason or another became isolated, either in the matter of haunts or choice of food, developing structural peculiarities in adjustment to these conditions; and, in so far as these developed, they departed from

the standard of the tribe. The vegetarian habits of the seed-snipe, for example, have brought about the formation of a crop, as in the gallinaceous birds and pigeons, and to this diet is probably due the large size of the blind-gut and the small beak, which recalls that of a skylark.

And so it comes about that the evasive "non-descript" character of the seed-snipers gives them an unexpected interest, since it shows us how various types of animals, in the course of their evolution, leave by the way, so to speak, members at a lower level. Thus much we must conclude, since they retain more primitive characters, either lost or more or less transformed by the bulk of the tribe on their

upward course of development. Such is the answer which it is possible to supply to the enquiry of my South American correspondent.



FIG. 1. AN "ABERRANT TYPE" OF PLOVER, MODIFIED IN STRUCTURE THROUGH A VEGETARIAN DIET, OR CHOICE OF HABITAT: THE SEED-SNIPE (*THINOCORYS RUMICIVOROUS*)—MALE AND FEMALE.

It would be impossible, on evidence drawn only from the living bird, to say to what group it was most nearly allied, for it bears no external likeness to one of the Plover tribe. The coloration of the plumage is of a yellowish-brown and black above and creamy-white below, with a narrow black band on the chest in the male. This earthy coloration affords them an excellent protection when squatting close to the ground.

Falkland Islands. They usually frequent hill-country, and to the north of this range even the higher Andes, living, it is to be noted, on the seeds of docks and other plants, rather than on worms and insects. In their movements, they recall sand-grouse, running with speed, but commonly seeking safety, when danger threatens, by squatting, trusting to their dull hues for protection. But, when flushed, they rise suddenly, with a twisting flight, like snipe, and with a similar cry.

The nest of *Thinocorys* is a depression slightly lined with grass, and contains four drab- or pinkish-buff pear-shaped eggs, speckled with chocolate and purplish-grey. The female is said to cover them when she leaves them. Too little is known of these strange birds in their wild state to help us in explaining the many puzzling features they present. But it is worth noting that their eggs conform to those of the plover tribe in being pear-shaped. Here is a clue worth following up. For it may be remembered that the gulls were at one time regarded as nearly related to the petrels. But the doubtfulness of this affinity was first enlarged upon by the oologists who pointed out the plover-like character of their eggs both in form and coloration. A careful survey of the anatomy confirmed this diagnosis, and demonstrated, beyond a peradventure, the untrustworthiness of superficial appearances. Judged by external appearances, gulls are more like some petrels than they are members of the plover tribe. It is in the form of the beak that they present the greatest divergence from the petrels. In these last the sheath is formed of several separate elements, of which the parts enclosing the nostrils have a tubular form. But directly one begins to look below the surface,



FIG. 2. WITH A SINGLE NOTCH, AS DISTINCT FROM THE DOUBLE NOTCH IN TYPICAL PLOVERS: THE BREAST-BONE OF A SEED-SNIPE.

The breast-bone of the Seed-Snipe differs from that of the typical members of the Plover tribe in having but a single notch on its hinder border. But in the Ruff an approach to this condition is seen, since the inner pair of notches are reduced to the condition of vestiges.

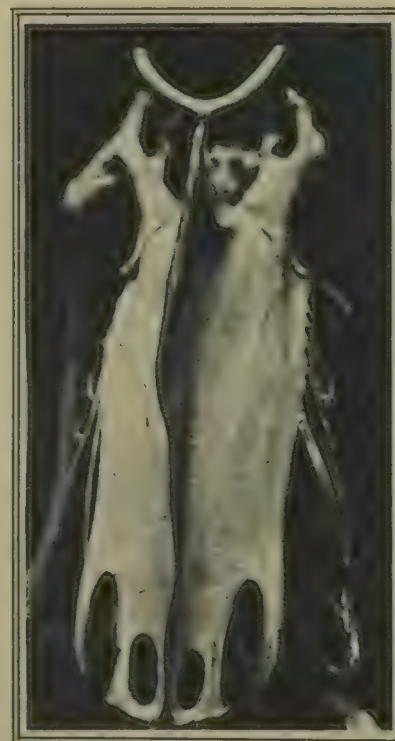


FIG. 3. WITH DOUBLE NOTCHES. UNLIKE THAT OF THE SEED-SNIPE: THE BREAST-BONE OF THE LAPWING. In this bird, as with the plovers, curlews, sandpipers, and so on—the typical and best-known members of the Plover tribe—the hinder border of the breast-bone is doubly notched. In the Ruff, however, the inner pair of notches is often barely traceable.



ASCRIBED TO THE HAN PERIOD (206 B.C.—220 A.D.): A CHINESE BRONZE BELL (16.7 IN. HIGH).

This ancient bell, possibly 2000 years old, is thus described: "The commonest type of the *tui* class. It is cast in two pieces; the tiger, which forms the canon, being separate and riveted in its place. The tiger's tail is a

restoration. The *tui* is essentially a suspended clapperless bell. The cross section is oval. . . . The use to which the *tui* is put is stated in the *Chou li* as follows: 'With the bronze *tui* the pitch of the drums is set.'"

REPRODUCED FROM VOL. II. ("BRONZES: BELLS, DRUMS, MIRRORS, ETC.") OF "THE GEORGE EUMORFOPoulos COLLECTION CATALOGUE OF CHINESE AND COREAN BRONZES, SCULPTURE, JADES, JEWELLERY, AND MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS." By W. PERCEVAL YETTS. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ERNEST BENN, LTD. (SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

Taoist Legend Wrought in Gold: A Chinese "Oberon and Titania."

REPRODUCED FROM VOL. II. ("BRONZES, BELLS, DRUMS, MIRRORS, ETC.") OF "THE GEORGE EUMORFOPOULOS COLLECTION CATALOGUE OF CHINESE AND COREAN BRONZES, SCULPTURE, JADES, JEWELLERY, AND MISCELLANEOUS OBJECTS." BY W. PERCEVAL YETTS. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ERNEST BENN, LTD. (SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



WITH OPENWORK GOLD PLAQUE INCLUDING A FAIRY QUEEN AND CONSORT: A T'ANG BRONZE MIRROR (ACTUAL SIZE.)

This exquisite example of Chinese metal-work from the great Eumorfopoulos Collection is an ancient bronze mirror of the *ping to* type, dating from the T'ang period (618-906 A.D.). "The design (we read) is cut in sheet metal, which here is gold, and detail is expressed with embossed line and dots. This thin open-work plaque, made of a size to fit the sunken field of the bronze mirror, is embedded in lacquer. The lacquer on most of the known specimens has perished; but apparently the embedded plaque was originally flush with the bronze rim, and the gold, black lacquer, and bronze presented a smooth, unbroken surface. The contrasts of colours and materials must have been strikingly beautiful. The ornament (of the above example) is a strange mixture of contemporary and archaic motives. In the central field is a variant of the phoenix and *suan i* design, combined with the grape-vine and bird motive found on many mirrors of this period. These are probably traceable to Central Asian sources. The border contains many elements which are familiar on Han mirrors. In the middle of the lower and upper sides are seated Hsi Wang Mu and Tung Wang Fu respectively, each with a kneeling attendant. (N.B.—the illustration must

be inverted to see the upper figures.) On either side of the two lower figures is a relic of a 'nipple' on a four-leaf 'seat,' and another such 'nipple' appears on the upper side. Eighteen beasts and birds of the fabulous sort which inhabit the Taoist Other World are disposed in partly symmetric fashion to fill the remaining space of the border. The square perforated knob is fitted with a separate piece of gold plate." Elsewhere in the volume Mr. Yetts writes: "Two figures loom so large in Taoist legend and are found so often on mirrors that a few words concerning them are fittingly included here. Tung Wang Fu . . . is the consort of the better-known Hsi Wang Mu, who for some 2000 years has been held in popular esteem as a fairy queen and patron saint of fertility. As such she is worshipped to-day in the Peking temple called P'an-t'ao Kung, and it seems that she was so regarded as long ago as the year 3 B.C. . . . In common with the famous Shantung sculptures, the mirrors evidence the currency in Han times (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.) of the myth at a stage when Hsi Wang Mu was a fairy queen paired with a consort. . . . Mirrors served as talismans to bring the boons most desired—above all, as inscriptions prove, a numerous progeny."

ASCOT "ROYAL" AGAIN THIS YEAR: THEIR MAJESTIES PRESENT.



THE BEGINNING OF THE DRIVE TO ASCOT: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, LEAVING WINDSOR GREAT PARK.



THE ROYAL ARRIVAL AT ASCOT: THE KING AND QUEEN ATTENDING THE MOST FASHIONABLE OF RACE MEETINGS, ACCOMPANIED BY THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER—HIS MAJESTY ACKNOWLEDGING HIS WELCOME.

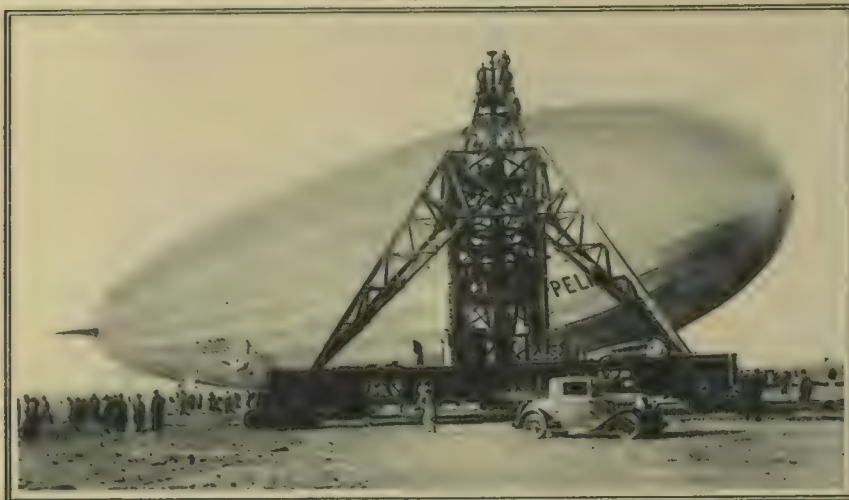
Ascot was, in the strictest sense of the term, "Royal" Ascot again this year, for, fortunately, the King, being once more in excellent health, attended with the Queen. Last year, it will be recalled, neither he nor her Majesty was able to be there, and the royalty present were headed by the Prince of Wales and Princess Mary. At this week's meeting, the King arranged to drive along the course in the customary procession on two days instead of three, or four; that is to say, on

the opening day and on the Thursday. For the rest, one can only repeat that the occasion was as fashionable and as popular as usual. It is interesting to add, also, that the opening race, which used to be called the Trial Stakes, is now the Queen Anne Stakes, it having been felt that such a change would be a fitting compliment to the Queen to whom Ascot owes so much, from the fact that she it was who had the race-course laid down in 1711.



AN "AFRICAN VILLAGE" BUILT NEAR ROME TO BE RAIDED DURING THE ITALIAN AIR PAGEANT: A VIEW SHOWING AN OBSERVATION BALLOON ABOVE.

The greatest air pageant ever seen in Italy was held recently at the Littorin air port, near Rome, in aid of a fund for orphan children of Italian airmen. King Victor and the Royal Family and Signor Mussolini all paid for their seats. The programme included air attacks on an Arab village, as well as on bridges, lorries, and observation balloons. There was also displayed a new type of helicopter.



BESIDE A NEW TYPE OF MOBILE MOORING-MAST: THE GERMAN AIRSHIP "GRAF ZEPPELIN" ON HER ARRIVAL AT LAKEHURST, N.J., FROM SOUTH AMERICA.

The "Graf Zeppelin" reached Lakehurst, New Jersey, on May 31, after a 69-hours' flight from Pernambuco, during which she weathered a severe storm. She left Lakehurst on June 2 on a return flight across the Atlantic, passing over New York, and on the 5th arrived over Seville en route for Friedrichshafen. A new and larger Zeppelin is being built there for a projected Atlantic service.



A FIRE AT SEA: VOLUMES OF SMOKE POURING FROM THE HOLD OF THE BRITISH INDIA LINE STEAMER "MASULA," OFF GIBRALTAR.

Our photograph gives an impressive picture of a fire at sea. It shows the British India Line steamer "Masula" with her hold on fire—an accident which occurred recently off Gibraltar. In spite of the highly combustible nature of the cargo the "Masula" was carrying—she had on board a large quantity of oil-cake—all the passengers were safely landed and the vessel was eventually beached.



THE NEW KING OF ROUMANIA AMONG HIS TROOPS: KING CAROL (ALIGHTING FROM CARRIAGE) RETURNING TO THE PALACE IN BUCHAREST AFTER A REVIEW.

Since his recent accession King Carol has been busily engaged in public affairs. It was reported that, as Parliament had annulled the Exclusion Act of 1926, and his marriage to Princess Helen had been dissolved subsequently to that Act, he had now authorised her to bear the title of her Majesty. On June 12 the Queen Mother (Queen Marie) returned to Bucharest.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE OPENING OF "LANSBURY'S 'LIDO'" IN HYDE PARK: A CROWD OF PROSPECTIVE BATHERS BESIEGING THE BACK OF THE NEW PAVILION BESIDE THE SERPENTINE. As noted under our double-page drawing in this number, the mixed-bathing season at the Serpentine, instituted by Mr. Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works, was inaugurated at 4.30 p.m. on June 16. The new pavilion has cubicles for 140 men and 40 women. The Serpentine Club's medal for the first woman in the water was awarded to Miss Kathleen Murphy, of Pinner, who had arrived at 5 a.m.



A ROYAL INVESTITURE IN ABYSSINIA: THE EMPEROR (SEATED ON THE LEFT) WITH THE GOVERNOR OF A PROVINCE WHOM HE HAD JUST DECORATED.

The present Emperor Haeli Salassie I. (previously known as King Ras Tafari) of Abyssinia was proclaimed Negus Negusti (King of Kings) at the beginning of April, on the death of the Empress Zauditu. A rebellion took place against the new monarch in the northern district of Dessie soon after his accession, under Ras Gugsa, a former husband of the late Empress. The rebellion was successfully subdued.



DECK-CHAIR CUSHIONS MADE CONVERTIBLE INTO LIFE-JACKETS: AN INTERESTING INNOVATION BEING DEMONSTRATED ON BOARD THE "PRINCESS JULIANA."

An interesting innovation has recently been introduced on board the Continental steamer "Princess Juliana," which plies between Harwich and Flushing, in the shape of a new type of deck-chair cushions which can be quickly detached and used as life-jackets. They are padded with cotton. Our photograph shows a demonstration of the method of removing them from the chairs and fastening them to the body.

ANGLOPHOBIA IN INDIA.



INDOPHOBIA IN RANGOON.



SHOP-PICKETING AS A PHASE OF INDIAN SEDITION: A GROUP OF WOMEN PICKETING A LIQUOR SHOP IN A SUBURB OF BOMBAY—A FORM OF INTERFERENCE WITH LEGITIMATE TRADE THAT HAS CAUSED RESENTMENT AMONG THOSE AFFECTED.



SALT RAIDERS TOO MANY FOR A SOLITARY POLICEMAN (ON LEFT, INEFFECTUALLY PROTESTING): AT THE WADALA SALT-PANS, BOMBAY—(INSET) STONES THROWN AT POLICE IN THE BHENDI BAZAAR RIOT, BOMBAY.



ANTI-BRITISH DEMONSTRATIONS AT POONA: A GROUP OF NATIVES AT PRAYER IN A STREET BEFORE MAKING A BONFIRE OF A PILE OF FOREIGN CLOTH. An official review of the Indian situation up to May 24, relating partly to incidents illustrated above, stated: "The chief feature of the campaign against the Salt Laws has been the change of tactics in the Bombay Presidency. Technical breaches of the law have been largely abandoned in favour of mass action. This has been tried at three places—Shiroda, in the South; Wadala (near Bombay), and Dharasana, in Gujarat. Large bodies of volunteers try to force their way by weight of numbers into salt works and to steal salt. . . . They achieved a temporary success at Wadala on May 18, owing to the preoccupation of the police with raiders arrested. . . . A considerable quantity of salt was stolen. . . . Picketing in many places has become more intense, the methods more objectionable, but there are signs that this interference with legitimate trade is creating resentment among those affected, and may give rise to communal trouble in the towns."



AFTER THE RANGOON RIOTS (BETWEEN BURMESE AND INDIAN DOCK LABOURERS) IN WHICH OVER NINETY PEOPLE WERE KILLED AND NEARLY 800 INJURED: BROKEN RICKSHAWS IN 37TH STREET.



TYPES OF INDIAN DOCK-LABOURERS IN RANGOON REPLACED (DURING A STRIKE) BY BURMESE: CORINGHEE COOLIES BEING FED IN A STREET AFTER HAVING BEEN LOCKED UP FOR TWO DAYS WITHOUT FOOD.



TROOPS ON DUTY AT DANGER POINTS IN RANGOON DURING THE RECENT RIOTS: MEN OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS SEARCHING A MOTOR-CAR FOR ARMS. Trouble arose in Rangoon on May 26 between Burmese dock labourers and Indian Coringhee coolies, who had returned to work after a strike, whereupon the Burmese were dismissed. Quarrels led to murders, rioting, and free fights. Hundreds of Indian-owned rickshaws were smashed and the fragments were used as weapons in street battles. Troops took charge at danger points in the city, and about eighty Europeans served as special constables. Fresh outbreaks occurred on the 28th. Indian Nationalists sided with the Coringhees, and some Europeans were pelted. The police fired on the rioters. The total casualties were given later as 91 dead and 788 injured (including 673 Hindus). Some of the Coringhees were befriended by the inhabitants, and 600 of them were found to have been sheltered by Burmese families for three days. Thousands of Coringhees eventually left Rangoon by steamers. All was quiet on May 30.

"LANSBURY'S 'LIDO'" IN HYDE PARK: THE INAUGURATION OF MIXED BATHING IN THE SERPENTINE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



MIXED BATHING FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THE SERPENTINE: THE SCENE BEFORE THE NEW PAVILION AND MARQUEES—WOMEN AND MEN DIVING FROM THE HIGH SPRING-BOARD.

The new bathing enclosure beside the Serpentine in Hyde Park, popularly known as "Lansbury's Lido," after its originator, Mr. George Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works, was inaugurated for public use on the afternoon of Monday, June 16, at the opening of the mixed-bathing season. The new pavilion, which stands on the south shore of the lake, is a single-storeyed structure, in soft-toned brick and slate, with a colonnade of massive wooden pillars along the front terrace, and a small clock tower in the centre of the roof. Cubicles are provided for men and women, at a charge of 3d. a head; and for another 3d. may be obtained the use of a locker for clothes. Mixed bathing is allowed from 6 a.m. to 10 a.m. every day, and also from 4.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m., except on Sundays. Children under fourteen, for whom free accommodation is provided in separate marquees, may bathe between 4.30 and 6.30 p.m. from Monday to Friday inclusive, and on Saturdays and every week-day during the school holidays between 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. Members of the Serpentine Club, and others

accustomed to do so, are allowed to bathe from the bank as hitherto until 8.30 a.m., using, free of charge, an enclosure at the eastern end of the bathing area. On June 14 Mr. Lansbury made a tour of the Royal Parks of London to inspect new recreative facilities. At Hyde Park he expressed a hope that bathers would co-operate in preventing damage being done to the buildings, especially by the carving of names. In Regent's Park were seen new paddle-boats on the lake, and the running track recently opened by Sir Howard Frank (chairman of the Finance Committee of the National Playing Fields Association), who has given £5000 for laying-out the exhibition grounds in Hyde Park as a playing-field. In Greenwich Park Mr. Lansbury reminded the children present that they owed their new pleasures to the generosity of people of means, who wished to see other children as rich in amusements as their own. He also inspected new amusements provided in Richmond, Petersham, and Bushey Parks.

THE FIRST TEST MATCH: "SENSATIONS" OF ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.



THE DOMINANT AUSTRALIAN BOWLER: C. V. GRIMMETT IN ACTION DURING THE FIRST TEST MATCH.



A BOWLER WHO PROVED HIMSELF A FINE BAT: R. W. V. ROBINS IN ACTION.



THE GREAT ENGLAND BOWLER WHO HAD TO RETIRE ON ACCOUNT OF ILLNESS: LARWOOD IN ACTION.



THE FIRST TEST: THE SCENE DURING PLAY AT TRENT BRIDGE, NOTTINGHAM, IN THE MATCH WHICH ENGLAND WON BY 93 RUNS.



THE "BOY" BAT OF AUSTRALIA, THE ONLY CENTURY-MAKER OF THE MATCH: D. G. BRADMAN AT THE WICKET.



ENGLAND'S GREATEST BAT AND ENGLAND'S CAPTAIN FOR THE MATCH: HOBBS AND A. P. F. CHAPMAN.



HIT BY A BALL FROM WALL AND SO HURT THAT HE HAD TO RETIRE: SUTCLIFFE AT THE MOMENT OF THE ACCIDENT.

The first Test Match between England and Australia, played at Nottingham on June 13, 14, 16, and 17, provided cricket enthusiasts with numerous "sensations" after their own heart. On the first day Grimmitt bowled remarkably well, and, in fact, dominated the game. On the second day Tate bowled Woodfull, who scored 2. Ponsford, who scored 3, and Bradman, who scored 8; Robins, who had scored 50 not out in England's first innings, won much praise as bowler; Chapman proved himself a great general; Hobbs completed his 1000 runs, the first Englishman to do so this season; and Hendren also completed his 1000. On the third day Hobbs and Sutcliffe, who had scored 78 and 29 respectively in England's

first innings, scored 74 and 58. Hobbs was stumped, and Sutcliffe had to retire hurt, one of his thumbs having been damaged by a ball from Wall. On that day also Hendren made 72; and Grimmitt and Wall were prominent. On the fourth day Larwood could not play, owing to gastritis, and Copley, of the Notts second eleven, was brought in as a substitute. Duleepsinhji, England's twelfth man, fielded in place of Sutcliffe. On that day also, Bradman scored 131 before being bowled by Robins. On the first day both teams wore black armlets as a mark of respect for the late Sir Frederick Toone, thrice manager of the teams sent to Australia by the M.C.C., and at lunch time flags were half-masted. England won by 93.

ROYAL ACTIVITIES—IN ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND: A PRESENTATION OF COLOURS; SHOWS; AND A LAUNCH.



BEFORE HE PRESENTED NEW COLOURS TO THE ETON COLLEGE O.T.C.: H.M. THE KING AT WINDSOR; WITH THE QUEEN, AND DR. ALINGTON, THE HEADMASTER. Shortly after eleven o'clock on June 16, the King, with the Queen, Princess Mary, and the Duke of Gloucester, entered the Grand Quadrangle of Windsor Castle from the private apartments and was met by Dr. Alington, the Headmaster of Eton (with whom he is shown talking in the first photograph), and other leading members of the College staff. The Eton College O.T.C.—
[Continued opposite.]



SHOWING HIS MAJESTY PRESENTING THE NEW COLOURS TO THE COLOUR PARTY: THE SCENE IN THE GRAND QUADRANGLE OF WINDSOR CASTLE ON JUNE 16. drawn up in a hollow square facing the clock tower, and accompanied by the band of the Scots Guards—received the King with a royal salute. The old Colours were then trooped, and carried to the rear of the battalion: the new flags—the King's Colour and the Regimental Colour—were brought forward and presented in turn by the King. His Majesty then addressed the O.T.C., referring in his speech to the distinguished record of Etonians in the Great War.



THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S FLIGHT TO OPEN THE LEICESTERSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW: H.R.H. (CENTRE) AT DESFORD AERODROME ON JUNE 13. The Duke of Gloucester, flying over the Show ground *en route*, arrived at Desford aerodrome, and thence proceeded to Leicester, where he was met by the Duke of Portland, president of the Show, and the Lord Mayor of Leicester. The Prince of Wales was a successful exhibitor in this Show, taking two first prizes with his shorthorn bulls. The Duke of Gloucester, following the example of his brothers, has decided to fly to distant engagements in the British Isles.



A ROYAL VISIT TO THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW: THE DUKE OF YORK PRESENTING A PRIZE ROSETTE TO A LADY COMPETITOR. On the afternoon of June 14 the Duke of York and Princess Helena Victoria occupied the royal box for about an hour at the Richmond Horse Show, H.M. the King and the Queen not being present. They witnessed the judging of two single-harness classes and the musical chairs competition. One of the most spectacular features of the Show was the coaching Marathon, for which there were sixteen entries.



THE CHIEF ORNAMENT OF A COMPANY THAT HAS SPENT £20,000,000 SINCE THE WAR ON BRITISH SHIP-BUILDING: THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW C.P.R. LINER, "EMPRESS OF BRITAIN," AFTER HER CHRISTENING BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

At Belfast, on June 11, large crowds assembled to watch the launching of the Canadian Pacific Railway's new leviathan, the "Empress of Britain." In his speech, the Prince referred to the splendid achievement of the C.P.R. which had, since the war, spent a sum approximating to £20,000,000 on shipbuilding in this country, at a time when our shipyards need every encouragement they can get. The "Empress of Britain" is the largest liner to ply between any two ports of the Empire. On June 12, the Prince was at Edinburgh, in connection with the bicentenary of the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, where he opened the Murray Home for Invalid ex-Service men (which is managed by the Royal Infirmary) at Gilmerton. After the ceremony he returned to London by air.



"PROUD TO BE ASSOCIATED AT ANY TIME WITH ANY INSTITUTION THAT CAN BENEFIT EX-SERVICE MEN": THE PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVING A GOLDEN KEY AT THE MURRAY HOME FOR DISABLED EX-SERVICE MEN, GILMERTON.

SOME PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**MME. LUDMILLA PITOËFF
AS ST. JEANNE.**

Mme. Pitoëff is here seen in the title-role of "St. Jeanne," the French version of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan," which has been presented with great success as a special feature of the International Season at the Globe Theatre.



THE BRITISH VICTORY IN THE WIGHTMAN CUP: LADY D'ABERNON PRESENTING THE TROPHY TO MRS. T. M. MAVROGORDATO, THE CAPTAIN (NON-PLAYING) OF THE WINNING TEAM.

The British women's lawn-tennis team won back the Wightman Cup, at Wimbledon, by beating the United States women by four matches to three. In the photograph are seen Mrs. Wills-Moody and some of the members of the British team—from left to right: Mrs. Helen Wills-Moody (U.S.A.), Mrs. L. A. Godfree (Great Britain), Miss E. H. Harvey (Great Britain), Miss Joan Fry (Great Britain), and Miss P. E. Mudford (Great Britain).



**MISS MAGGIE TEYTE
IN "MADAMA BUTTERFLY."**

Miss Maggie Teyte, the famous prima-donna, made a welcome re-appearance in "Madama Butterfly," at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, the other day. On Tuesday, June 17, she was heard in "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Roger Bourdin.



SIR FREDERICK ECKSTEIN, BT.
Died on June 10. Born, April 1857. Formerly a partner in Wernher, Beit, and Co., and for many years interested in cotton, as Chairman of the Sudan Plantations Syndicate.



SIR THOMAS ARNOLD.
Died suddenly on June 9, at the age of sixty-six. Famous as an Islamic scholar. Professor of Arabic in the University of London. Taught in India for years, at Lahore, etc.



**THE SIXTH EARL OF
SEFTON.**

Died on June 16. Born, February 21, 1871. President of the National Coursing Club. Owned much of the Grand National course.



MR. HARRY C. LUKE.

Chief Secretary, Palestine. Appointed to succeed Sir Thomas Vans Best as Lieut.-Governor of Malta. Acting High Commissioner during the disturbances in Palestine last year.



CAPT. G. V. SCOTT-DOUGLAS.

Well-known polo-player. Died on June 12 as the result of an accident at polo. Son of Mr. Francis John Douglas and the husband of Lady Blanche Douglas.



THE HUNGARIAN PRIME MINISTER VISITING ENGLAND: COUNT BETHLEN (RIGHT) AND COUNTESS BETHLEN; WITH BARON IVAN RUBIDO-ZICHY, THE HUNGARIAN MINISTER TO THIS COUNTRY.

Count Bethlen and his wife arrived in London on June 15, as the guests of the British Government. The King arranged to receive them on June 18.



MEMBERS AND OFFICIALS OF THE AUSTRALIAN TEST TEAM RECEIVED BY THE KING AND QUEEN AT SANDRINGHAM: THEIR MAJESTIES WITH MR. W. M. WOODFULL (CAPTAIN), MR. T. HOWARD (TREASURER), MR. KELLY (MANAGER), AND MR. V. Y. RICHARDSON—LEFT TO RIGHT.

In the Court Circular for June 8 there was the very interesting paragraph: "Their Majesties received this afternoon the members of the Australian cricket team visiting England." The team had motored to Norfolk and had lunched at Hillington Hall, King's Lynn, with Lord and Lady Downe. Their Majesties chatted to them for about half an hour on the lawns in front of Sandringham House.

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Algiers and the Second Mediterranean Unity.

By SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE centenary of the conquest of Algeria has been celebrated, and will continue to be celebrated, in France by solemn festivities. The satisfaction thus manifested is justified. France may be proud of what she has accomplished in Algeria from a purely national point of view. But the events which have transformed Algeria have also a world importance; the transformation of Algeria is, in fact, part of a great work at which Europe has now been labouring with ceaseless energy for a century—the second unification of the Mediterranean.

The first unification was the work of Rome. Rome had made a bilingual unit of the Mediterranean. In the second century of the Empire, manners, ideas, and tastes were fused on the shores of the great internal basin; religions were intermingled; local languages and dialects had been submerged by Greek and Latin. Only those two languages existed for literature, philosophy, science, law, and the highest culture; the only exception was in the Jewish literature which was still encamped in the fast-ageing Judaism and in the early efforts with which Christianity was silently preparing to make her triumphant conquest of the Græco-Latin world. In all towns of any size, the most different cults were peacefully elbowing each other, suppressing the spirit of competition in a universal theological dilettanteism. Manners, indeed, were too unified, as M. Lot has told us in his splendid book, "The End of the Ancient World."

From Syria to Spain, from Great Britain to Africa, the civilisation of the Imperial epoch gives an impression of overwhelming uniformity. Everywhere you find, varying in splendour, the same public monuments, *thermæ*, theatres, amphitheatres, and temples, constructed in the same style of architecture; the same kind of private houses, built on the same plan. Sculpture manufactured a series of statues whose destination was everywhere fixed by identical and inviolable rules: Venus Anadyomenes for the *thermæ*; Hermes and Hercules and statues of athletes for the *palastra*; Ariadnes or sleeping Ganymedes, dancing satyrs or sirens and nymphs for the gardens; Neptune bestriding a dolphin, Narcissuses, fishermen, Silenuses with their leather bottles, Nereids bestriding an animal, for the basins and fountains. As M. Lot says: "It seems as if one never changes the sky or the climate."

Northern Africa especially was, from the beginning of the second century, one of the most robust parts of that somewhat uniform but powerful unity. It was an agricultural country, and, taken all round, it was very fertile, rich in mines, little inhabited according to the ideas of that time, full of sumptuous and recently grown-up towns. It contributed largely to the *élite* by whom the Empire was governed. Vespasian found in its superior classes, who were strongly Latinised, some of the families with which he was able to reconstitute a nobility he could place at the head of the Empire; so that it remained for one more century an aristocratic republic of a Græco-Roman model. From Africa emanated the first real dynasty that governed the Empire, or the ruins of that republic, with monarchical powers: the Severenes. From the third century Africa became one of the most important centres of Christianity. Tertullian and St. Augustine were Africans. There is a touch of African sunlight in the language and style of the "Confessions."

But a great historical upheaval was about to break that wonderful unity. The syncretism of religions of the ancients disappeared with the triumph of Christianity all along the shore of the Mediterranean basin. There could be but one true religion; the man who wished to be saved must discover it and profess it to the exclusion of all other religions, which were deemed false. After the dislocation

of the Roman Empire, in the crumbling away of the Western Provinces and the growing feebleness of the Eastern Empire, that new religious spirit became the most solid link between them and peoples, replacing the political ties which were relaxed or broken. There was a moment when Christianity seemed to re-create in a superior sphere the Mediterranean unity which had been broken by the barbarian invasions and the revolt of the legions. But a new and exclusive religion sprang up in the burning deserts

ever broken; there is a Christian Mediterranean and a Mohammedan Mediterranean which stand facing each other like reciprocal negations.

The irreconcilable opposition in the Middle Ages was particularly of a religious character. Christianity and Islamism were then two exclusive theocracies. The Mohammedan and Christian countries maintained commercial relations, kept up what we of to-day should call diplomatic relations; Christians travelled in Mohammedan countries, and Mohammedans in Christian countries. But the two religions remained two hostile worlds, which could not understand each other and were forced to distrust each other. They might brush against each other in superficial contact; they could not interpenetrate each other. The spirit of tolerance which seemed sometimes to soften the opposition of the Mohammedan world could not get beyond those superficial contacts.

After the fall of the Eastern Empire and the entry of the Turks into Constantinople, from the beginning of the second half of the fifteenth century military hostility was added to religious hostility. There had always been wars between Mohammedan and Christian peoples—the most celebrated of them, the Crusades. But, until the foundation of the Turkish Empire, the Mohammedan world had not constituted a real permanent military danger to Europe. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Turkish Empire attacked Europe by land and sea; the old age of Venice and of the Holy Empire was troubled by its aggressions; it obliged Rome, so to speak, to fight on two fronts—Reformation and Islam; it troubled the whole of Europe. At the same time, encouraged by the might of the Ottoman Empire, the small Barbarian potentates of Northern Africa harassed the shores of the Mediterranean by the incursions of their pirates. More divided than ever, the Mediterranean became the field of battle in a long war between the Cross and the Crescent, in which, during two centuries, Christian Europe was the feeble. If, during the Middle Ages, Christianity went with the Crusaders to attack Mohammedanism in Asia, she was still painfully defending herself in the seventeenth century.

At last the situation was transformed in the nineteenth century. Europe acquired a decisive military authority over the Mohammedan world. Gradually the Turkish Empire was forced back towards Asia, where it attempted its last chance of salvation in an astute and patient defensive. One by one, the Christian populations of Europe which it subjugated were delivered; the greater part of the Mohammedan countries of Asia and of Africa fell under the influence or the domination of Europe. The conquest of Algeria was the first great action in these new politics. At the same time, the States in Europe, with intellectual culture, became completely lay. A Mohammedan is no longer regarded in official Europe as a man who denies the truth he ought to acknowledge; he is a man who professes a religion, of Semitic origin, which is on certain points analogous to Christianity, and on others very different from it.

A new fusion of the two Mediterraneans seems to become possible. France has begun it in Algiers, with much boldness. But at one moment one might have thought that that mutual opposition of the Crescent and the Cross, which had become attenuated in religion, and almost eliminated in domination, had reappeared in politics and in the general conception of life. While Europe has been industrialising itself, inventing metal machines which are put into motion by means of fire, multiplying scientific discoveries, democratising the State, creating a quantitative civilisation of literature, work, activity, and intense life, the Mohammedan world remains faithful to absolute monarchy and to the old traditions of qualitative civilisations.

Progress as conceived by the West, that new religion of Europe and America, seems repugnant to the Mohammedan spirit. During the nineteenth century, Algeria and Egypt were the only two Mohammedan

(Continued on page 1162)



THE FAMOUS "VIRGIN OF ALBERT" IN PLACE AGAIN: THE STATUE WHOSE FALL IT WAS IMAGINED, WOULD COINCIDE WITH THE END OF THE WAR, UPRIGHT ON THE RESTORED CATHEDRAL.

Many, no doubt, of our readers will remember the "Virgin of Albert" and the legend attaching to her. In 1915 the gilded statue of the Virgin Mother holding her Son above her head, on the top of the tower of Albert Cathedral was knocked sideways by German shell-fire, and hung, at an angle of fifteen degrees obliquely above the street. There it remained, till a legend grew up among the surrounding inhabitants that "when Notre Dame de Brebières falls the war will end and the Kaiser's throne be shattered." The rebuilding of the cathedral has now been completed, and the famous Virgin and Child skilfully re-erected in their original peace-time position.

of Arabia, and from the unfathomable depths of the Semitic spirit. . . . A part of the shores of the Mediterranean basin was rapidly, in a few generations, conquered by Islam—the unity of the Mediterranean lands was for

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THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY



A noted medical authority writing recently of sea-voyaging as the true antidote of city life, described it as a rhythm of living, of eating and of sleeping, which in turn induces a rhythm of thinking. There is a monotony in ocean travel which may oppress at first but later heals and soothes. The restful influence of ocean horizons and the invigorating effects of sea air, day after day, replenish mind and body alike.

It is these benefits of sea-voyaging that have helped to bring the South African Holiday into such general favour, but the ocean trip is merely a prelude to the fuller change of climate, scenes and interests in this Dominion of sunshine, health and happiness.

“Holiday Tours in South Africa” is an informative little book on this new field of travel, which will be gladly sent post free on application to:—The Director, Publicity and Travel Bureau, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2., and the leading Tourist Agencies.

HATS FOR SUMMER'S BRIGHTEST DAYS.



A LOVELY MODEL BY PATOU: THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF THE "PICTURE" SILHOUETTE. FINE BALL-BUNTAL STRAW, TRIMMED WITH APPLIQUÉ EMBROIDERED FLOWERS AND A WIDE ORGANDIE BRIM, EXPRESSES THIS CHARMING HAT AT ROBERT HEATH'S.



THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TRANSPARENT BRIM: A TRACERY OF DELICATELY VEINED LEAVES IN OPENWORK EMBROIDERY. BLACK BAKU AND WHITE HAND-WORKED CRINOLINE MAKE THE EFFECTIVE COLOUR-SCHEME OF THIS DISTINCTIVE HAT FOR IMPORTANT SUMMER FUNCTIONS. IT IS ANOTHER OF THE MANY SMART MODELS AT ROBERT HEATH'S, WHO HAVE EXTENDED THEIR SALONS AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.

TWEEDS FOR HOLIDAY TRAVELLING.



THE BRIM OF MANY CURVES AND SHADOWS: ANOTHER VERSION OF THE CHARMING HAT BY PATOU, WHICH IS ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE, WITH THE BRIM MANIPULATED DIFFERENTLY. THE ORGANDIE MATCHES THE "NATURAL" COLOURED STRAW. AT ROBERT HEATH'S.



A WEATHERPROOF COAT WITH A CAVALIER CAPE: DESIGNED TO GIVE ADDITIONAL WARMTH TO THE SHOULDERS WITHOUT IMPEDING THE MOVEMENT OF THE ARMS. IT IS CARRIED OUT BY BURBERRYS, OF THE HAYMARKET, S.W., IN ONE OF THE WATERPROOF TWEEDS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN SPECIALLY WOVEN FOR THIS FIRM.



FROCK, COAT, HAT, AND BAG OF TWEED: THE SMARTNESS OF A HARMONISING ENSEMBLE. THE UNUSUAL LITTLE COAT HAS THE EFFECT OF A BOLERO. AT THE BACK, AND IS SLIGHTLY FLARED OVER THE HIPS. THE COLOURING IS BEIGE, GREEN, AND BLACK. ONE OF SEVERAL SMART ENSEMBLES AT ROBERT HEATH'S.



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THE EUMORFOPOULOS CHINESE BRONZES.

(See Colour Illustrations on Pages 1149 and 1150.)

CHINA, as we have noted in connection with recent excavations conducted by native archaeologists, is awakening to a practical interest in her own past, despite the interruptions of civil war. Hitherto such work has been undertaken by the "foreign devil," and many relics of ancient Chinese art have passed into alien hands. Probably the greatest private collection of such treasures is that of Mr. George Eumorfopoulos, which (as our readers know from various reviews and reproductions in our pages) forms the subject of a monumental work in many volumes, of majestic size and luxurious quality, entitled "The George Eumorfopoulos Collection Catalogue," published by Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., in a limited edition, at twelve guineas per volume. These great volumes, edited by experts, are sumptuously bound, in uniform covers of gold and black, and lavishly illustrated with seventy-five plates apiece, many in colour. They represent the finest modern book-production.

The latest instalment of the Catalogue to reach us is Volume II. of the section dealing with "Chinese and Korean Bronzes, Sculpture, Jades, Jewellery, and Miscellaneous Objects." The first volume of this section (noticed and illustrated in our issue of June 8 last year) was devoted to bronze ritual and other vessels and bronze weapons. The second volume (now under review) is concerned with "Bells, Drums, Mirrors, etc." The "et cetera" covers a variety of articles including belt-hooks and plaques, accessories of armour and horse-trappings, sword-pommels, sundry types of ornaments, buckles, amulets, tallies, knife-money, bowls and censers, and so on, many of them in animal forms exquisitely wrought. Like the first volume, it has been edited by Mr. W. Perceval Yetts, who, in addition to a descriptive



PRESENTED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND BY THE CHURCH OF SWEDEN: THE STATUE OF ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY UNVEILED IN CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

The Festival of Commemoration at Canterbury Cathedral came to an end on June 14. On that day the ceremonies included the unveiling of a statue of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a gift from the Church of Sweden to the Church of England. The original of this stood for centuries behind the high altar in the Swedish Church of Skepptuna, a building begun at about the date of the martyrdom of St. Thomas.

catalogue of all the objects illustrated, supplies introductory chapters, a bibliography, an index, and a useful list of Chinese dynastic periods.

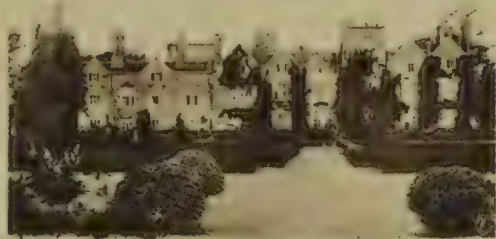
Elsewhere in this number we reproduce in their full colours two of the exquisite plates, which will afford an indication of the general quality of this magnificent work. One represents a mirror with gold cover, dating from the time of the T'ang Dynasty (618-906 A.D.); the other a much earlier example—a bronze bell of the Han period, which extended from 206 B.C. to 220 A.D. Particulars of the mirror and its decoration are quoted under our reproduction. Chinese bells, such as the specimen of the *tui* type which we illustrate, are specially noteworthy from their use in ancient armies.

On this subject Mr. Yetts gives some interesting extracts from Chinese sources. "The use to which the *tui* is put (we read) is stated in the *Chou li* as follows: 'With the bronze *tui* the pitch of the drums is set; with the bronze *cho* the time of the drums is regulated; with the bronze *nao* the drums are signalled to stop; and with the bronze *to* the number of drum beats is controlled.' The remarks of the commentators show that they had but vague notions concerning the *tui*. Cheng Hsüan comes nearest the truth when he describes its shape as that of 'the head of a pestle, larger above than below.' This ignorance is explained by the statement in the *Po-hu-t'u-lu* that memory of the *tui* had been lost until the fifth century, when one was found in Shu and presented to an emperor of the Liu Sung Dynasty."

The importance of bells in ancient Chinese armies appears from another passage in the *Chou li* on the duties of a Minister of War. "He determines how the drums and bells are to be used. . . . The leader of a company takes a *nao*; the leader of a platoon takes a *to*; and the leader of five men takes a *cho*. With these instruments they signal when to rise or sit, advance or retire, move quickly or slowly, and scatter or mass together." Mr. Yetts adds: "Not only at manœuvres and in actual warfare were the signals thus given, but also at the periodic hunting expeditions on which the army was employed under strict military discipline. Talking in the ranks was prevented by gags in the mouths of soldiers, and disobedience was punishable with death."

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

A HAUNT OF ANCIENT PEACE



Gardens are laid out in the grounds, where Lawn-tennis and Archery can be practised. There are several golf courses in the neighbourhood, and arrangements have been made for riding in Windsor Great Park. Great Fosters is within a few miles of Ascot, the Thames, Windsor, and other famous places, which can be visited by means of the Hotel Motor Service. A French Restaurant is open to non-residents.

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HARROGATE



The old Sulphur Well,
 Harrogate.

Harrogate is one of those fortunate places which have no real off-season. The "High" season extends from Whitsuntide to October. During this period the hotels are at their fullest, and the Royal Baths at their busiest. The town itself has long ceased to be the exclusive domain of the invalid. Careful forethought and the expenditure of much money have enabled it to become also the playground of the pleasure-seeker. Every kind of amusement is within easy access. Golf, tennis, fishing, boating and dancing are obtainable, and the greatest musicians and singers of the day visit Harrogate during its musical festivals. Harrogate is a town of gardens and its sparkling air, its exquisite cleanliness, and its delightfully planned thoroughfares render it a most restful and enjoyable visiting place. When it is considered that those in need of a tonic or recuperative holiday have the famous Harrogate Waters at their disposal, the attractions of this exceptional resort are rendered even more surprising. The Harrogate Corporation have issued a most attractive brochure on the town and its amenities. This can be obtained on application to the General Manager of the Royal Baths and Wells.



A corner of old world Knaresborough
 (3 miles from Harrogate).

STOKE COURT COUNTRY CLUB

STOKE POGES, BUCKS.

ONCE THE HOME OF GRAY, THE POET, AND THE PENNS.



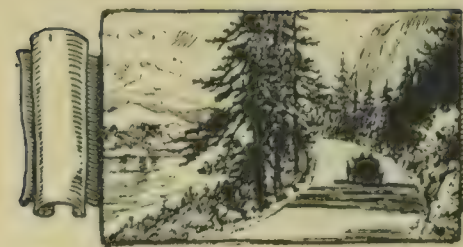
It was while living here that Gray began his famous "Elegy"—here he lived from 1742 to 1753—and his own rooms are still preserved. Considerable additions were made to the house when it was owned by the Penn family, and it remains to-day as one of the most beautiful houses in England. Apart from its historical associations, Stoke Court, with its wonderful grounds and gardens, must appeal to anyone who appreciates beauty and longs for the quiet of the country. So close to London and yet, when one reaches it, London seems a long way off. To-day, Stoke Court is a Country Club with endless attractions for every taste, and anyone who spends an hour or two in visiting this stately home of England will count the time well spent.

Every year holiday-making opportunities increase in number and variety. While many people visit the Continent or take a sea cruise for their annual holiday, there are thousands more who prefer to explore the attractions of this country. Our page gives a few instances of places

where visitors will be assured of first-class comfort, and where a holiday may be spent as enjoyably as anywhere. Whether one's holiday is to be spent in motoring, tennis, golf, boating or some other sport, there is assuredly a place in Great Britain to meet the wants of the most exacting.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.



AS the Parliamentary Committee has finished its work on the Road Transport Bill, we can expect to see this passed by both Houses before the recess for the summer holidays. Under its clauses the Minister of Transport is authorised to promulgate



THE 20-H.P. ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY SALOON WITH SELF-CHANGING FOUR-SPEED GEAR: A SCENE ON THE NEW ROAD THROUGH STONELEIGH PARK, AVOIDING A DANGEROUS OLD BRIDGE BETWEEN COVENTRY AND LEAMINGTON.

a set of rules of the road to be observed by those using public highways. Consequently, the Royal Automobile Club has issued its suggestions of safety rules for motorists. The R.A.C., in fact, is taking time by the forelock, perhaps with the hope that the Government Department concerned will officially incorporate the same ideas in their suggestions. Half-a-dozen rules would suffice, says the Club, if only every driver carried them out in his or her behaviour. Here they are—

- (1) Never overtake unless the road ahead is clear.
- (2) Always keep well in to the left when rounding a corner, even if there is no white line.
- (3) Do not drive fast in towns and villages, at "blind" corners



MOTORING IN THE ALPS: MR. WERNER RISCH, OF ZURICH, AND HIS 25-H.P. DAIMLER WITH WENDOVER COACHWORK, ON THE CASACCIA-MALOJA-ENGADINE ROAD.

or cross-roads, or when the traffic is at all dense. (4) Be patient. It is never worth risking an accident for the sake of saving a few seconds on a journey. (5) Be courteous; bad manners and selfishness frequently result in accidents. (6) Give clear signals.

Every motorist will agree that these "safety rules" practically cover the driver's part of the business. If only all pedestrians equally followed the old, old adage "Look before you leap," one could almost say that "safety first" was the working rule of England's traffic on the road. Perhaps some day we shall arrive at that happy state of affairs. In the meantime, as the holidays are with us for the next few months, folks either walking, riding, or driving should impress on themselves the need for exercising the utmost caution, and follow the simple code laid down to assist in making our roads safer.

Tourist Trophy Race at Ulster.

Entries for the Royal Automobile Club's annual road race for all types of "sports" touring cars for the Tourist Trophy close finally on Monday, June 30. The race is run on Saturday, Aug. 23, round the 'Ards Circuit, near Belfast. Italy is making

a stronger bid for victory this year, having entered two official teams, besides private entrants of Italian-built cars. The official teams are Alfa Romeo and O.M. The latter three cars are in the 3-litre class, so do not clash with the Alfa Romeo 1½-litre and 2-litre entries. Last year the race was won by Herr Rudolf Carraciola on a supercharged Mercedes-Benz from scratch on a 7-litre car. This year the "Speed Six" Bentleys, not supercharged, with their 6½-litre motors, hope to beat the German team. The Earl of Howe, Captain Malcolm Campbell, and Herr R. Carraciola will be the pilots of these supercharged Mercedes-Benz cars. For that reason excitement will be intense, irrespective of the other entries, so that it is advisable to book one's seat early in the grand stand. This point of vantage for seeing the race is much improved, as the "rake" is higher, so that all in the numbered and reserved seats now get a clear view. This R.A.C. grand stand seats 2500 people comfortably, with plenty of gangways for getting to and from your stall. Here you get an uninterrupted view of the replenishment-pits, scoring-boards, and the fastest mile of the course. Further, seat-holders in the stand are also entitled to use the enclosures behind the pits and at Quarry Corner—the spectacular bend—as well as the

commodious luncheon-tents, buffets and bars, and excellent cloak-rooms. Copies of the seating plan, with application form and all information regarding the race, boat services, etc., may be obtained from the T.T. Booking Office, R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1., or from any R.A.C. provincial office.

Summer Trips in Switzerland.

Motoring in Switzerland is becoming more popular in summer time now the authorities there realise that road travel is preferred by a large bulk of the tourists who wish to see the beauties of the mountain scenery as well as the lakes and valleys. British cars also are making favourable

headway among the Swiss. Thus Mr. Werner Risch, of Zurich, has bought one of the latest 25-h.p. six-cylinder Daimlers fitted with coachwork by Windovers, Ltd. Scotland, our Switzerland at home in Great Britain, has been plotted out into 44-day tours, with road maps, miles defined, and historical notes, in a volume recently issued for 2s. by the publishers of the *Glasgow Herald*. The centres from which these tours can be conveniently undertaken are Dumfries, Moffat, Melrose, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Pitlochry, Aberdeen, Elgin, Inverness, Lairg, Fort William, and Oban.

But the tourist is left to make his own free choice of suitable centres, because the road maps are sufficiently clear to allow him to join up at any point of the routes. There have been many guides written and compiled for motorists in Scotland, but I know of none that is so handy and in which the information required is so easy to find as the *Glasgow Herald's* "Motoring Scotland." All visitors to the North should buy it; it will lead them away from the hurly-burly of towns and cities to the finest holiday spots by pleasant and uncrowded ways.

Making Old Tyres Usable.

There are times when a motorist has to use old tyres in place of fitting new covers, as he should do. But the trouble with old tyres with treads badly worn is that punctures happen to them very frequently. Therefore, if one must use worn covers, they need to be protected from punctures. A suitable means is to fit a "Stronghold" liner, made by Saul D. Harrison and Sons, of Bromley-by-Bow, London, E.14, and usually obtainable at garages and motor-dealers'. A Stronghold liner to fit a 30-by-5.25-inch tyre costs only 16s. 6d., and adds about 50 per cent. to the life of the tyre by preventing punctures and



THE LATEST TYPE OF 20-25-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE SALOON FOR OWNER-DRIVERS: A CAR WITH WONDERFUL ACCELERATION AND HILL-CLIMBING POWERS.

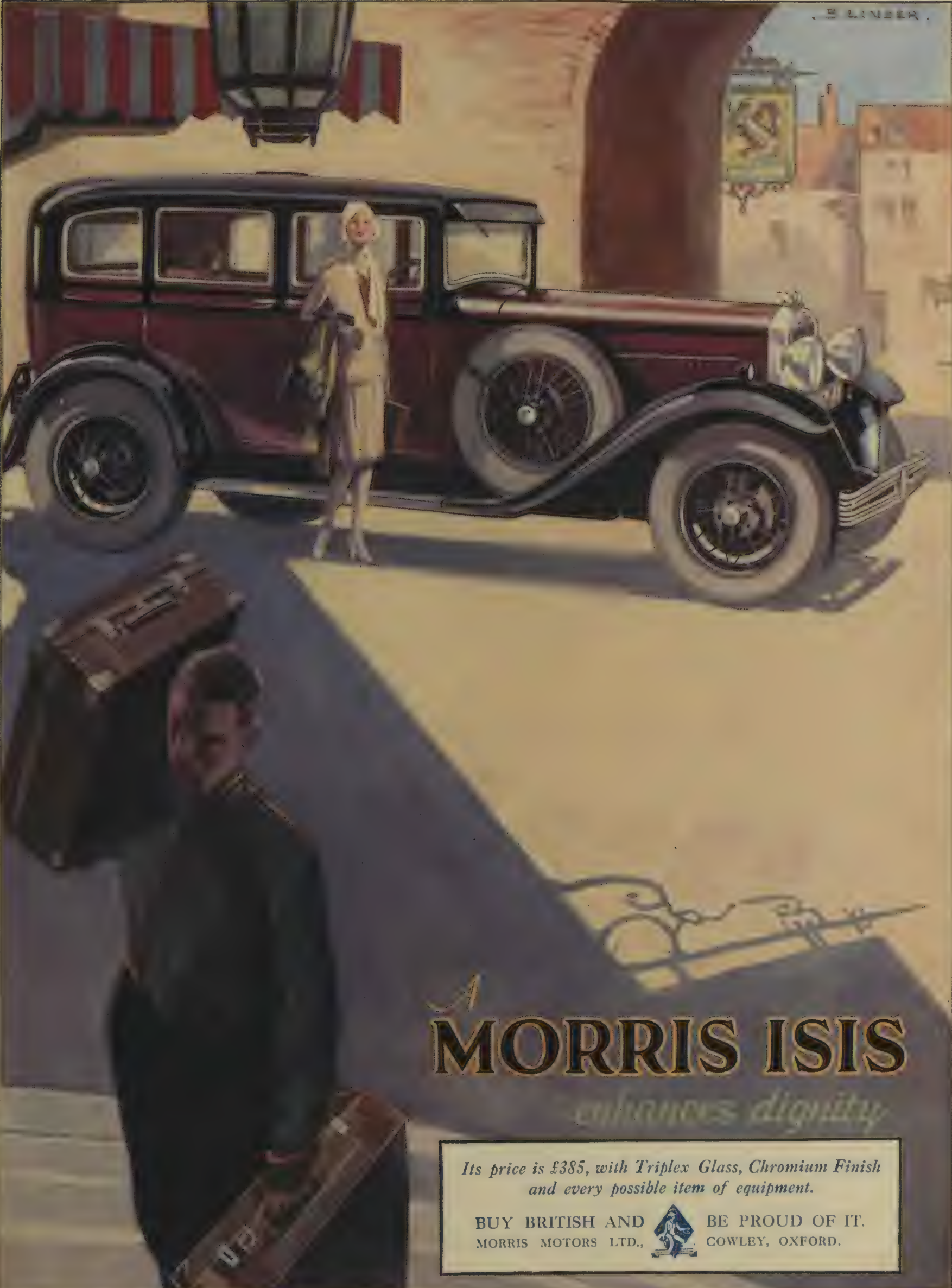
blow-outs. A new tyre of that size costs nearly £4. A friend of mine living in a district where flints and sharp grit form the materials of the road surfaces always fits these liners in his new tyres. But not necessarily a new liner, as, being a separate, detachable entity, the same liner can be used in several successive covers. The order is pneumatic tube, then the rubber-solutioned cord-fabric liner, and the outer cover, or actual tyre. His idea is that, as tyre-makers always tell the public that the more durable tyres giving longest mileage are those with a strongly

(Continued on 1172)




A CAR SUPPLIED TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE CENTRAL PROVINCES OF INDIA—SIR MONTAGU BUTLER: A 25-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SUNBEAM, WITH ENCLOSED-DRIVE LIMOUSINE BODY.

Sir Montagu Butler has also acquired a 20-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam with a five-seater touring body.



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A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS:

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRAGONARD: AUGUSTE RENOIR.

By FRANK DAVIS.

a miracle of half-tones and delicate nuances. How the public and the critics laughed at Debussy, and what jokes they made about Renoir in the 1870's, when neither he nor his friends could get

painter's family, which not only marvellously illustrates his powers both of composition and of portraiture, but gives us a notable glimpse of the unpretentious kindness which was the basis of his character, as it is indeed of most home-loving and socially unambitious Frenchmen. We are far from the rather stilted official picture of a family sitting self-consciously in its best clothes; instead there is Mme. Renoir and her three children, and, in addition, right in the foreground, kneeling down and holding the youngest child, is the maid, with a big apron and not very tidy hair, straight from preparing the soup or making the beds.

The illustrations to this article are from an exhibition, "Renoir and the Post-Impressionists," which is now open at the galleries of Alex. Reid and Lefèvre, in King Street, St. James's. They are perhaps sufficient to give some idea of Renoir's charm, but they cannot, of course, give any indication of his achievement as a colourist. The reader is hereby counselled to go and see for himself just how far this most French of French painters has built upon the tradition of Watteau and Fragonard, and raised a different, but not less beautiful, edifice. During his long life (1841-1919) his technique changed often: he was continually experimenting. His vision altered with his methods: at one period he seems to see the world a misty pink—this I find a trifle irritating, but it is only right to point out that the majority of people do not. As the years pass, his models become more fleshy, his brush more fluid; the early charm becomes more monumental. His last years were passed in continuous pain; he was racked by gout, and could hold neither palette nor brush. The former had to rest on his knee, and the latter was tied to his hand. But he never stopped working, and almost his last words were: "I still make progress."

Some of his remarks have been recorded by his friends; they show such good sense and such rare modesty that it is impossible to resist a free translation. "What admirable workmen, the Old Masters! They knew their craft. That is the whole secret. Painting is a handicraft (*un métier manuel*), and one must do it like a good workman. For my part, I have never considered myself a revolutionary: I have always believed, and I still believe, that I merely continue what others have done much better before me."

"Jealousy among artists is often only the fear of not surviving. When I look at the Old Masters, I seem a little, nobody; yet I believe that from all my works there will remain sufficient to assure me a place in the French School, this School which I love so much, which is so pleasant, so clear, such good company—and not noisy." Even his words are like his paint—sparkling and luminous.

In addition to seven Renoirs, there are examples by Cézanne, Van

Gogh, Gauguin, Seurat, and Toulouse-Lautrec—an array of fine things that I, for one, propose to visit not once, but a dozen times.



BY THE "MODERN" ARTIST WHO HELD THAT PAINTING WAS A HANDICRAFT: A CHARMING RENOIR CHILD PORTRAIT.

a single picture accepted by the French Salon! Wealthy art patrons, who would willingly pay hundreds for a Meissonier, facetiously demanded their sixpence entrance fee returned as they went out of the famous exhibition of the artists who have gone down to history as The Impressionists.

But that is an old and hackneyed story. What can never be hackneyed is the character and achievement of Renoir himself—not that his life was thrilling in any melodramatic sense, still less scandalous or theatrical. Here is no quarrelsome Michelangelo, nor blackguardly Benvenuto Cellini, nor temperamental Whistler, but a sensitive, kindly, enormously hardworking painter who had visions of beauty and struggled to the very end of his life to perfect his technique. He was the son of a tailor, for a short time worked as a painter in a porcelain factory, and had no material success till he was over forty. The Salon was eventually proud to accept his pictures, and it is characteristic of the man that the contempt with which he was originally treated by the official world did not seem to rankle. (One wishes, by the way, that one or two of our own painters could be induced to forget the past, and send their pictures to the Academy just as Renoir sent his to the Salon.)

There is one famous canvas, that of the



IN THE TRADITION OF WATTEAU AND FRAGONARD: "LA SOURCE," BY RENOIR.



LIKE OTHERS OF HIS PICTURES, A MIRACLE OF HALF-TONES AND DELICATE NUANCES: "FEMME TRICOTANT," BY RENOIR, ON EXHIBITION AT THE LEFÈVRE GALLERIES.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Alex. Reid and Lefèvre, the Lefèvre Galleries, 12, King Street, St. James's, S.W.1.

(Continued.) from p. 1168

built cotton-fabric body, the liner adds that extra strength and mileage without troubles. I saw him fit one of these protection devices in a quarter of an hour. As one buys them in the proper size for the particular tube and cover they are to be used with, they really fit, as they are accurately moulded to the shape of the tyre and cause no unnatural displacement. They are treated on the outside surface with a special self-vulcanising preparation, so firmly adhere to the inner cover and do not creep, buckle, or create friction. The inner surface is treated with an anti-friction preparation in order both to preserve and protect the inner tube. As, however, the makers offer six weeks' free trial to readers who care to mention this journal, motorists can test the efficiency of the Stronghold tyre-liners themselves.

New Rover Meteor Car.

One of the latest British cars to be offered to the motoring world is the new Rover Meteor, rated at 19.3 h.p. for its six-cylinder engine of 72 mm. bore and 105 mm. stroke. This gives it a cubic capacity of 2580 cc., slightly over 2½ litres. It is a delightful car to drive; light steering, efficient brakes with Dewandre servo assisting them, easy four-speed gear-box to change ratios, and a power unit with high acceleration capacity. The engine develops 60-brake-horse-power at 3600 revs. per minute. As the engine's fly-wheel can turn over 4000 revs. per minute if pressed, without any sign of "periodic vibration," I need not dwell on its excellent balancing. A Lanchester vibration-damper is fitted at the front end of the crankshaft "to mak' siccar," as Scotsmen say. One can attain a genuine seventy miles an hour on the

Meteor Rover, with its good hill-climbing ability on top gear, strengthened by an excellent and quiet running third speed gear which gives a climbing capacity up ascents (that slow down most cars) at forty to fifty miles an hour. The radiator thermometer

dipping head-lamps. All controls are on the top of the steering-wheel. Consequently, there is no groping about in the dark to put on lights, dip the head-lamps' beam, or vary the advance or retard of the ignition. The fuel supply from the rear tank to the Stromberg carburetter is by a positive pump, which will appeal to my friends abroad who have had troubles with other fuel systems. Here is another detail that will also please them, as it did me. The engine, gear-box, and clutch are in one unit, and all lubricated from the sump automatically. That saves a lot of trouble when work of any kind is a bore. I honestly believe that this 19.3-h.p. Rover Meteor will take the place of many American cars now in English hands. It has just the power you want, sits on the road without trace of rolling or swaying at high speeds, and only costs about £400—a little more or a little less according to model chosen—which makes it a competitor in price to U.S.A. products of its carriage capacity. The chromium-plated bright parts save labour; a very complete equipment in accessories, from mascot to hat nets, gives niceties in comfort; and the guarantee for two years by the makers is no idle statement. It is a very likeable car.



JUST IN TIME FOR THE "OFF": A MINERVA HIRE LUXURY CAR CHARTERED AT THE LAST MINUTE, WITH ITS CARGO OF RACEGOERS.

Minerva Hire, Ltd., of Minerva House, Chenies Street, W.C., are now providing chauffeur-serviced luxury cars at the most reasonable rates. They claim to despatch one of their latest cars to any address within three minutes of a call by 'phone or wire.

is fitted on the dash-board, so one can keep the engine running at its best power-producing temperature with greater fuel economy thereby. Coil and battery ignition is fitted, with the usual Lucas lighting and

were told by the officials to slow down by five miles an hour. Consequently, while the ultimate winner, Arnold, driving Hartz's straight-eight cylinder front-wheel-drive Miller, at the quarter distance (125 miles) held

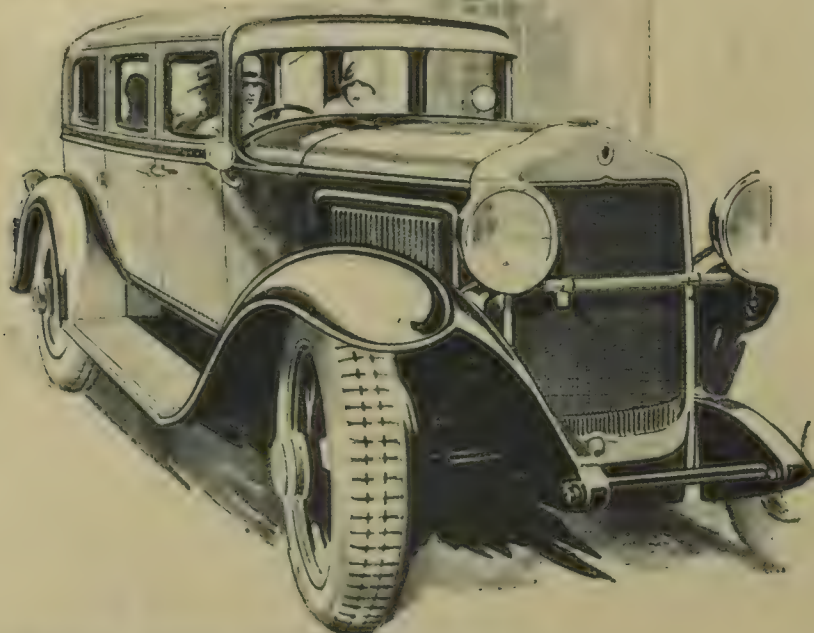
Two bad crashes, one by an "Eight," of which proved fatal, were the reasons why the record speed was not beaten for the annual 500 miles race at Indianapolis. After these had happened the leading cars

[Continued overleaf.]

Willys

Knight

20 H.P.



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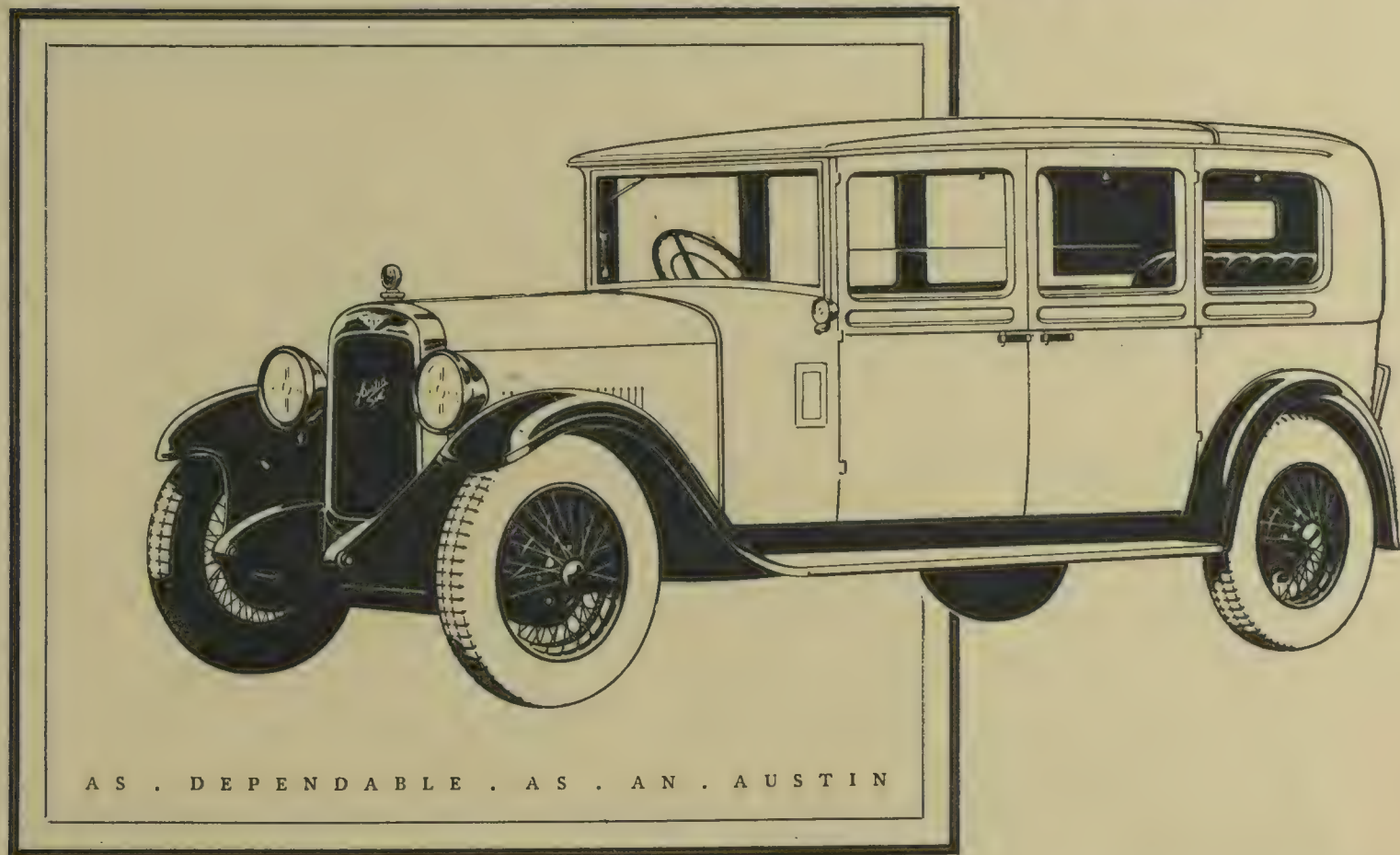
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**“150,000 miles of ungrudging service—
yet never in a garage for
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Owner Report No. 314; Car No. NPT 3442; Registration No. HF 1411; Delivery Date, July 1921.*

Nor is this the whole of this owner's observation on his Austin "Twenty." Read further :

His car has been in continual daily use. Except for decarbonising the engine has never been taken down.

... Moreover, the owner reports, the car was run daily for many years by his father, a doctor, whose work, occasioning much stopping and starting, subjected the car to much gruelling service.

At least 150,000 miles have been covered—yet the car has never been in a garage for a serious repair.

This is what is meant by Austin Dependability . . . of this stuff are Austin cars made.

And every day brings facts similar to

this from Austin owners which prove—and prove again—the utterly consistent dependability of Austin cars. Always. Everywhere.

For first and foremost the Austin is designed for those who wish to enjoy motoring free from the slightest trouble . . . who are not mechanically minded, who wish to drive—and go on driving—year in, year out, with complete ease of mind.

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As illustrated

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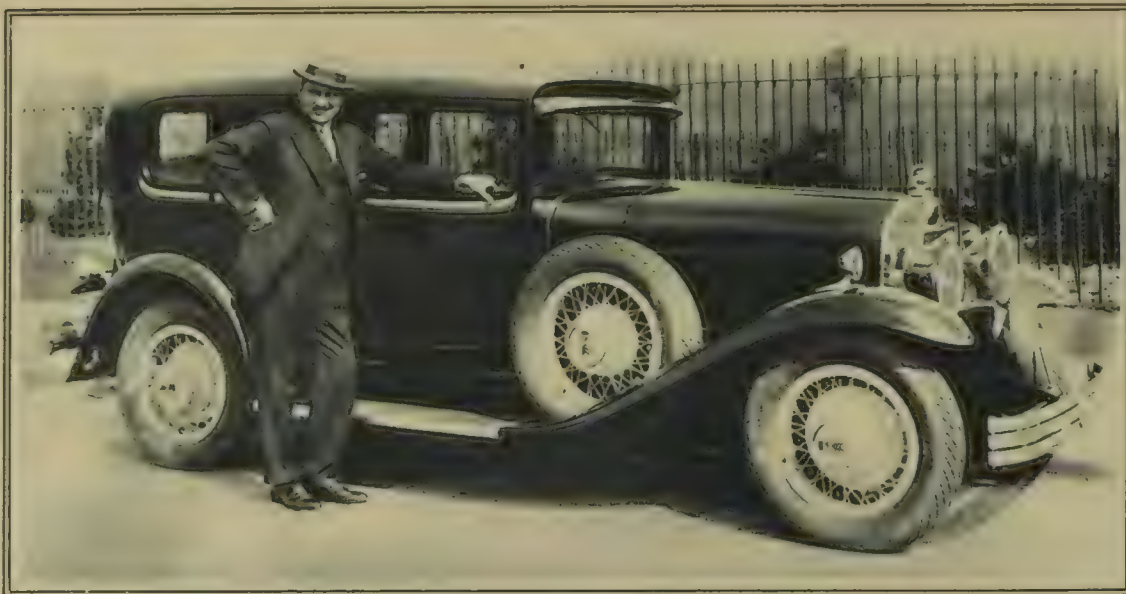
AUSTIN



The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven : 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station : Holland Park Hall, W.11.

(Continued.)

the lead, averaging 103.20 miles per hour, and at the half-distance averaged 102.05 m.p.h., he actually won at 100.44 miles an hour—a very wonderful performance. A Los Angeles youngster, "Shorty" Cantlon, driving a Miller-Schofield, was second, all through the race averaging 98.05 m.p.h.; Schneider, on another Miller, being third at 97.24 m.p.h.; and Louis Meyer (who won it in 1928) fourth, also on a Miller, at 95.25 m.p.h. Cummings, on the eight-cylinder Duesenberg, was fifth at 93.57 m.p.h.; and Letterio Piccolo Cucinotta, on the eight-cylinder Maseratti, was the only European to finish. He was twelfth, and was 93 miles behind the winner when the latter passed the post. In any case, Miller racing "eights" won all the chief prizes, and the effort of the U.S.A. sporting motoring authorities to produce sports cars like our English ones failed—so far as this race was concerned. None of the "hotted-up" standard cars could live against the specialised racing Millers. But I wish to draw the attention of our British "sports car" motor-manufacturers to the point that the U.S.A. is determined to have a cut in on this particular market. Personally, I am glad that a front-wheel-drive car won the Indianapolis 500 miles race this year, because one really wishes to learn more about front-wheel as against rear-wheel driven motors. For racing round sharp bends they steer closer at high speeds, though Captain Clarke, the designer of the famous front-drive Alvis cars, told me that he questioned whether, except for coachwork-fitting advantages, front-wheel drive really gave sufficient advantage over the ordinary touring-carriage. We all know that the Alvis



INTRODUCER OF THE LIGHT COMMERCIAL VEHICLE INTO THE BOMBAY PRESIDENCY: MR. SULTAN CHINYOY WITH A WILLYS-KNIGHT CAR.

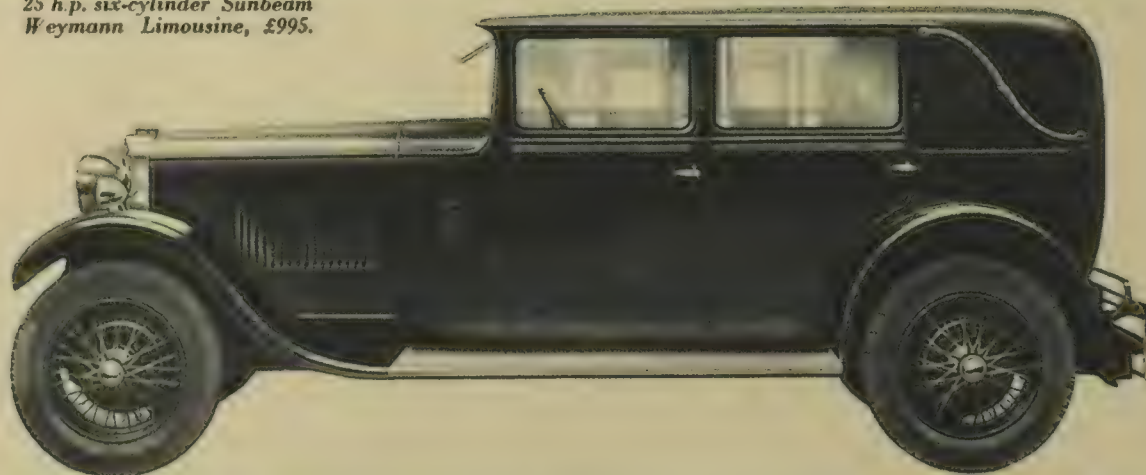
Mr. Sultan Chinoy was responsible for introducing Shell petrol into India, and this led him to take an interest in the motor industry. He has now concluded an agreement with Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd. for the sale of Willys cars and commercial vehicles in India.

front-wheel drive could not beat the handicap when they raced, as the motors were rather too small for their

own class and not big enough for another. The Indianapolis-winning Miller straight-eight had a bore and stroke of 68 mm. and 89 mm., giving a rating of 22.48 h.p.

Put Sunbeam fame and skill to your own use

25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam Weymann Limousine, £995.



In no other class of car is choice so restricted as in the seven-seater limousine range at about £1000, and in no other class is the British quality of what may be called *thoroughgoing* luxury so successfully displayed.

Among these few models, the 25 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam stands out in no uncertain manner—a fact confirmed by the large number of these beautiful cars to be met with in town and country. This model is *fashionable* simply because most present-day buyers are capable of close judgment in cars.

The 25 h.p. Sunbeam Weymann Limousine, at £995, allies the true Weymann method of con-

struction with an interior luxury usually to be found only in the best coach-built bodies. It unites the conveniences of both saloon and limousine, and may be owner-driven with full companionship or chauffeur-driven with full privacy for passengers. The panel between the driving seat and rear seat disappears when so required by the mere turning of a handle.

This car, with its superb seven-seater body, is a very remarkable example of quality rendered exceptionally attractive by its comparatively low first cost.

In the £1000 class of cars the 25 h.p. Sunbeam is so pre-eminent as to render choice no difficult matter.

The Sunbeam range includes six-cylinder cars of 16, 20 and 25 h.p. together with the famous 3-litre. Prices of 16 h.p. five-seater cars from £550. Dunlop tyres standard.

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A Notable Anniversary.

It is interesting to recall, in these days of multi-cylinder motors, that thirty years ago, in June 1900, the first car bought by our royal reigning house was delivered to the late King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. This car was a Daimler with a twin-cylinder engine rated at 6-h.p. It was fitted with the early incandescent or "hot" tube ignition, and electric sparking-plugs as well—the first edition of dual ignition. Since that date the official royal motor-carriages in England have been Daimlers, and to-day King George uses a "double-twelve" 57-h.p. Daimler, the most powerful large State carriage yet built. This engine develops nearer 180-h.p. at its maximum, which helps to show how much we have progressed, as King Edward's 6-h.p. Daimler barely developed its nominal rating. Now, outside of the State carriages, our Royal Family use a variety of makes of British cars. The Prince of Wales used Wolseleys for his Kenya expedition, and drove his own Rolls-Royce Phantom II. to the Derby this year. The Duke of York drives a Bentley "Speed Six," and has an Armstrong-Siddeley as a town carriage. In fact, to-day multi-cylinder cars, fitted with luxurious coachwork, appear as palaces on wheels compared with the open wagonette 6-h.p. Daimler that set a seal on the future success of motoring thirty years ago in the hands of our late King.

British Motors for India. The Albion Motor-Car Company, Ltd., of Glasgow, Scotland,

has just received from the Government of India a further contract for the supply of fifty-nine special six-wheeled Albion vehicles. These machines, which have four driving-wheels at the rear, are specially designed to travel over open country. The Indian Government has, within the past few months, ordered more than 280 Albions of this type.

Road Guide to France.

I have to thank the Michelin Tyre Company, Ltd., of Stoke-on-Trent, for their 1930 edition of the "Michelin (Road) Guide to France." There is no surer help to every tourist in that country than this guide. This new edition has been enlarged and brought up to date. Double-page street maps, in colour, of the principal towns appear at the end of the volume. These are indeed helpful in getting out of French cities with the least possible delay, as many a British motorist has wandered round and round the streets vainly searching for the road when without the aid of this guide. Its price is twenty-five francs.

Safety First

Batteries. No. 2

The way was dark, the road was rough,
The motorist had had enough
Of driving slowly, through the night,
A motor car without a light.
A hundred miles he'd been that day
With no mishaps to bar his way,
But night, alas, revealed the fact
His battery had ceased to act,
And three long hours he'd had to go
At half a mile an hour or so,

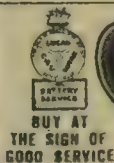


Before he slowed still further down
Before a garage in a town.

Mechanics there absorbed his tale
Of how his battery would fail,
And, being good mechanics, they,
Without appreciable delay,
Equipped his car as it should be,
With batt'ry made by C.A.V.

Since then he's travelled every night
But never once without a light.

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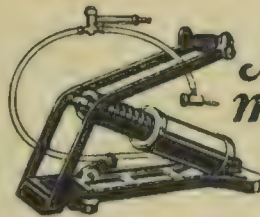
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the eye—



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is the Best
Policy . . .

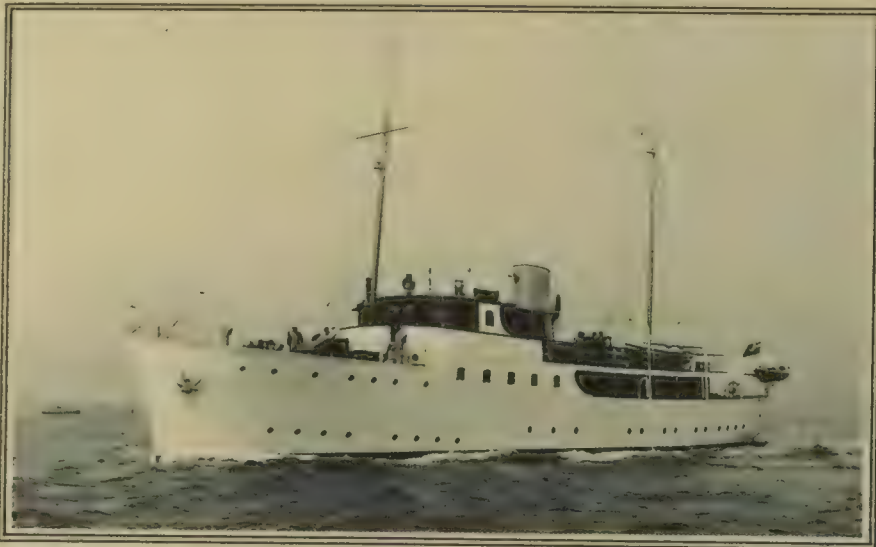
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A PLEASURE QUEST ROUND BRITAIN IN A GREAT P. AND O. LINER.

IT is doubtful if any more comprehensive pleasure cruise could be arranged around the coasts of Britain than that on which the P. and O. *Viceroy of India* is to embark on Saturday, July 26. On that day she leaves Southampton for the West Country, slipping into Falmouth on Sunday morning.



A PLEASURE QUEST ROUND BRITAIN IN A P. AND O. LINER: THE ROUTE.

On the morning of the 28th the *Viceroy* makes the coast of Wales, stealing into Britain's most sheltered harbour—Milford Haven. On Thursday she lands her passengers at Douglas in the Isle of Man—the first time a twenty-thousand-ton liner has ever dropped anchor in the little Manx harbour. Then on to Bangor, in Northern Ireland, where the sea smells saltier than ever, and the appetite grows

proportionately. In the *Viceroy's* beautiful dining-room you may eat food cooked by master cooks, served in the P. and O. manner. The Antrim hills fade blue into the distance, and the wheeling gulls are everywhere. Strange craft ride at anchor on the tide, and but a little way inland the glens of Co. Down are sweet with the smell of Irish roses. We bid good-bye to Ireland, drowning our sorrow in a merry measure on the *Viceroy's* dance floor; dancing as she swings out on the ocean road to Scotland. On the broad boat-deck are cosy nooks



IN THE HEBRIDES, WHOSE CALL THE "VICEROY OF INDIA" WILL ANSWER: THE HERRING SEASON AT CASTLE BAY, ISLAND OF BARRA.

for talking; or in the lounge or in the writing-room, or the smoke-room or the verandah café.

At eight o'clock next morning we come to Arran, waking to another summer day and all the honeyed loveliness of the Western Isles. Over Kildonan Castle have flown the flags of Scotland's Kings. Westward lie the caves that sheltered Robert Bruce. On the first day of August we reach Oban. Here rested the Stone of Destiny on its long journey from the Hill of Tara to the throne of Westminster. The *Viceroy* answers the call of the Hebrides. From

early in the morning to dusk she lies at Stornoway, in the Outer Isles. On we go up the little-travelled road towards the top of the world—to the Faroe Isles, home of the Norse sea rovers, still inhabited by primitive, stalwart Danes who spend their lives in fishing. During the night of Aug. 3 we turn south again, moving down the eastern coast of Scotland



LUXURY ABOARD THE "VICEROY OF INDIA": IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

by the Shetlands and Cromarty Firth to Aberdeen. Thence homeward-bound to London. Our last day is spent at sea. Ample time for another swim in the *Viceroy's* famous Pompeian swimming-pool. A farewell dinner in the familiar dining-room, a chat to new friends during a last night of dancing; and a vow to come to sea again, some fine day, aboard the *Viceroy*.

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BY H. A. VACHELL

The Times: 'A book which should be assured an honoured place on the shelves of every sportsman.'
Country Life: 'A guide book on how to have fun in England.'
Field: 'A charming and, most emphatically, a "jolly" book.' 10/6 net.

Desert Islands

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

Week-End Review: 'A jewel among books.'
Country Life: 'The ideal holiday reading of the year.' 21/- net.

Best Detective Stories 1929

Everyman: 'The ideal anthology of thrillers for the holidays. Inadvisable as a bed book except for those who sleep with a revolver under their pillow.' 7/6 net.

Seven Bobsworth

BY J. D. BERESFORD

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To Be Hanged

BY BRUCE HAMILTON

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE writes: 'It is admirable. It is one of the cleverest detective stories I have read.' 7/6 net.

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Those who have served in the War, and those who have read and want to read about the War, will need to buy a copy of *War Books*, a critical Guide by Cyril Falls, and published by Peter Davies at half-a-guinea. No less a paper than the *Times* said: "It was time a competent judge appeared to give advice to the bewildered and the credulous"; and again, from the same newspaper: "Captain Falls has compiled a bibliography which is needed at this moment, and will become more and more valuable with the passage of time, and it is the more to be commended because it is a critical bibliography."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IT is curious that many of those who write books nowadays are not writers. Authorship is their second string. Apart from fiction (which, by the way, is outside my province on this page), I should say that comparatively few modern authors are people who live by the pen. In their ranks are represented all the professions, besides miscellaneous persons of no occupation. Purely literary folk are rare birds, at least in my experience. During the last few weeks, however, I have managed to collect a small "bag" of books mostly by professional writers. It is rather a ticklish job to review them—like playing the piano before an audience of Pachmanns and Paderewskis. They know too much!

The first item on my programme is Mr. Arnold Bennett's "JOURNAL, 1929" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). The other day I saw a notice of this book disparaging it, I think, on the ground of



THE ADVENT OF AIR-TAXI RANKS: A FLEET OF AEROPLANES INSPECTED BY LORD BRENTFORD AT HANWORTH AERODROME.

On June 14 Lord Brentford visited the Hanworth Flying Club and inspected the air-taxi fleet of twenty-four machines operated by National Flying Services, Ltd. He expressed the opinion that the individual facilities they offered would supplement the Croydon services to such an extent that ranks of air-taxis would soon be seen at Croydon.

triviality, mainly because of a passage about a cocktail party. As this passage occurs on the first page, possibly the critic was content to take it as typical. Anyhow, I disagree with him. I find Mr. Bennett's journal exceedingly entertaining, and I hope he will continue it year by year. What he has done is to carry a step further the current practice of anticipating the *post-mortem* biographer. Having performed that function myself, I know with what ghoulish glee one pounces on a private journal, and the more gossipy and trivial the better. Give me the trivialities of life, and (speaking as a biographer) I will dispense with the pomposities. Why should not a prospective "biographee" forestall us and supply his own diary? The next step, obviously, will be to edit his own letters.

Not that Mr. Bennett's journal is entirely trivial—far from it—though written in colloquial vein and full of amusing anecdote. It contains, for example, vivid impressions of travel, in France, Italy, Russia; incidents of the social round in London; comments on art, music, books, and plays; and, most intriguing of all, glimpses of his own mental

processes when he gets the idea for a new story. His own "best seller," of all his seventy-odd works, he reveals, is (what do you think?)—"How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day"! Certain tragic events at Cambridge recently lend considerable point to a passage on "University rowdiness" in reference to "ragging" at London theatres and restaurants after a 'Varsity match. "Whatever young men are taught at Universities," Mr. Bennett says, "they are not effectively taught either decency or good manners, or self-control or respect for the elementary rights of others." Mr. Bennett, however, is not entirely hostile to the groves of Academe. Elsewhere he remarks: "I have always regretted that I did not go to a University."

A celebrated Don who did really try to chasten and subdue "the ordinary undergraduate" comes in for a slight castigation. Two University men and classical scholars, lunching "at the Club" with Mr. Bennett, "agreed heartily that Jowett's translations of both Plato and Thucydides were extremely unsatisfactory. . . . Mr. B., a famous editor, said that Jowett, whom he was under at Oxford, was a very rude man. Mr. B. was asked every term to a solitary lunch or a solitary dinner or both, with Jowett. Jowett would not speak. Mr. B. tried to talk, of course very intimidated. Jowett would greet his remarks with such replies as: 'Think again! That is a very silly remark,' and so on."

A kindlier light is cast on Jowett and his little ways in another book, whose author, though primarily, I believe, addicted to politics, may be classed among the scribes by virtue of fourteen previous works. I allude to "CASUAL OBSERVATIONS." By Arthur Ponsonby (George Allen and Unwin; 6s.). These essays are marked by the keenest observation and wide variety of interests, ranging from a character-sketch of Queen Victoria (to whom Mr. Ponsonby's father was Private Secretary, and he himself, in 1886, acted as a page at the Opening of Parliament) to such matters as criminals, a plea for bushy whiskers, and Masters of Balliol.

"It was my good fortune," writes Mr. Ponsonby, "to pass my short time at college in the reign of Benjamin Jowett. Although I could not be classified in any of the three categories of young men in whom he was supposed to be interested—peers, paupers, and prodigals— . . . no one . . . exercised a greater influence on me than did the Master. The small figure with the cherubic face and silken white curls, dressed always in black, with a white shirt-front and white tie, terrified many people. . . . His laconic cuts did not frighten me; they amused me. . . . I learned very soon that he did not want you to show off or to be 'at your best.' He wanted you to be yourself, and therefore conversation needed no effort. The pretentious scholar who tried to scintillate he received with devastating silence. The flashy blood he ignored. . . . I can see him now blinking at the fire, with a small table by his side with his port on it, talking in little spasmodic sentences and now and then looking up and asking a question with a very kind smile. He had the remarkable faculty of being able to adapt his wisdom and long experience of the world to the comprehension of a very young man, without a trace of patronage or condescension. . . . Silence was one of his weapons, especially after hearing an essay read to him. One had to respect it. I remember a fellow-undergraduate one evening trying

to chatter him into a response and failing, yet trying again and again. At last, after an almost cruel minute or two of silence, the high voice came with 'Good night, Mr. Simpkins.'

Discussing the reading tastes of modern youth, Mr. Arnold Bennett says: "In fiction it puts D. H. Lawrence first and the rest nowhere." This brings me to a book of hectic vitality (unfortunately posthumous) named "ASSORTED ARTICLES." By D. H. Lawrence (Secker; 6s.). It is thoroughly typical of the writer's outlook on life—a trifle rabid, perhaps, but extraordinarily free from humbug. He writes in his vigorous and sweeping way on sex, property, education, religion, art, and manual labour, in the kitchen or the coal-mine. In an autobiographical chapter he tells us how he first became a writer, through a girl friend sending some of his work to Ford Madox Hueffer, who later read "The White Peacock" in manuscript. "And in his queer voice, when we were in an omnibus in London, he shouted in my ear: 'It's got every fault that the English novel can have.' Just then the English novel was supposed to have so many faults, in comparison with the French, that it was hardly allowed to exist at all. 'But,' shouted Hueffer in the bus, 'you've got GENIUS.'" Lawrence also relates how he afterwards took to painting, and in another essay he develops a plan for the sale of pictures on the lines of a circulating library, or what he calls a "lending pictuary," which, he said, would abolish the unbearable monotony of the works that decorate our domestic walls.

It is always interesting to learn what a famous man, lately dead, had thought of death. This is what Lawrence says at the end of his concluding essay on human destiny. (He seems to have arranged the order of subjects himself, for his preface is dated February 1930. He died on March 2.) "Because I know the tree will ultimately die, shall I therefore refrain from planting a seed? Bah! it would be conceived on my part. I love the little sprout and the weak little seedling. I love the thin sapling, and the first fruit, and the falling of the first fruit. I love the great tree in its splendour. And I am glad that at last, at the very last, the great tree will go hollow, and fall on its side with a crash, and the little ants will run through it, and it will disappear like a ghost back into the humus. It is the cycle of all things created, thank God. . . . Given courage, it saves even eternity from staleness."

Violent himself in thought and style, Lawrence is always the cause of a certain violence of language in his critics, whether they praise or blame. It is difficult to write about him placidly. An instance occurs in a volume of retrospective reviews by one who has been justly termed a prince of reviewers, "SUNDAY MORNINGS." By J. C. Squire (Heinemann; 6s.). This work, I should explain, does not refer to the observance of the Sabbath Day; the allusion being to the author's well-known weekly articles in the *Observer*, some of which are here reprinted. Although Mr. Squire's criticism of Lawrence (dated Oct. 7, 1928) relates to his collected poems, it sums him up generally as a writer. "Mr. Lawrence (we read) is undoubtedly a man of genius, and big and fiery enough to eat a dozen of his merely clever contemporaries." On the other hand: "He is a self-willed, obstinate, shrinking, sometimes snarling, outlaw. . . . Mr. Lawrence might almost have been possessed by Pan. . . . But he is at least a man of genius and not a mere exhibitionist or wit. Even his weakest novels embody the struggles of a soul; and his poems are better than his novels." Of Mr. Squire's other papers included in this book, the one that interests me most is the last—"The 'Nineties and John Lane." As I knew Mr. Lane for many years, I can appreciate the fidelity of the portrait that Mr. Squire has drawn of his fellow-Devonian.

When I began this article I hopefully piled up five other new works for inclusion, besides a batch of reprints lately added to the Everyman Library. But, alas for human hopes! I have only space enough for the bare titles—"THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL." Intellectual Realism: from Richardson to Sterne. By Ernest A. Baker (Witherby; 16s.). The fourth volume of a comprehensive work "THE MAKING OF LITERATURE." Some Principles of Criticism, Examined in the Light of Ancient and Modern Theory. By R. A. Scott-James. New and Cheaper Edition (Secker; 7s. 6d.). A valuable study for critics, students, and teachers. "TRADITION AND HUGH WALPOLE." By Clemence Dane (Heinemann; 6s.). A general sketch of English fiction with special reference to the author's favourite. "A WRITER'S NOTES ON HIS TRADE." By the late C. E. Montague (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.). A garland of delightful posthumous essays, including an excellent pen



FAMOUS AS THE GENERAL EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF THE "NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS" SERIES: MR. HARRY HODGE.

Mr. Harry Hodge, who is the managing director of Messrs. William Hodge and Co., of Edinburgh, founded the famous "Notable British Trials" series in 1905 and still acts as their general editor. He also writes music, and a number of his compositions for the pianoforte have been published in Germany and in Scotland. It is not surprising to note that criminology is one of his recreations.

portrait of Matthew Arnold; "POINTS OF VIEW." Broadcast Addresses. By G. Lowes Dickenson, Dean Inge, H. G. Wells, J. B. S. Haldane, Sir Oliver Lodge, and Sir Walford Davies (George Allen and Unwin; 4s. 6d.); and "D. H. LAWRENCE." By Richard Aldington (Chatto and Windus; 1s.), a paper booklet containing a study of Lawrence as "an English Heretic."

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MISS KATHARINE SUSANNAH PRICHARD, AUTHOR OF "HAXBY'S CIRCUS."

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with his tips and wrinkles for would-be sportsmen, sightseers, and collectors. He remarks that overseas visitors are increasing in numbers yearly. The thought of "The Best of England" as a best-seller, precipitating a host of newcomers into the hunting-field and over the moors and the pleasant places of rural England, is not without its alarms. But suggestions are also offered to beginners in tennis (though we should have thought tennis was played as much in the United States as over here), in squash racquets, croquet and bowls, and these amusements should help to sidetrack some of Mr. Vachell's pupils. This can be said whole-heartedly about "The Best of England": it is the ideal gift book with which to welcome your Transatlantic friends to this country.

"War Books: a Critical Guide to the Great War" (Peter Davies; 10s. 6d.) is a timely publication. It has an admirable preface, which reviews briefly the classes of the books and glances at the sensational, political, or propagandist motives that have caused them to be written. The truth about war books, as about the war itself, is too many-sided to be really compressible; but this short survey does very well to single out "Undertones of War" as a masterpiece, and to compare Mr. Blunden's method with the fashion set by "All Quiet on the Western Front," and repeated *ad nauseam* by other writers. The latter, observes Mr. Falls, have set themselves to prove that the men who died in the war were driven like beasts to the slaughter—Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, though not among the Remarqueans, uses that very expression—without their deaths helping any cause or doing any good. "The falsest of false evidence is produced by closing-up scenes and events which in themselves may be true." That is where Mr. Falls gets home with his censure of the Remarque school. Although the list is admittedly incomplete, the summaries of the books themselves are excellent, and should be indispensable to students of the literature of the Great War.

To have luck, to enjoy taking risks, to be magnificently self-confident, is not a bad equipment for a new author. Prudence O'Shea demonstrates in "Famine Alley" (Marriott; 7s. 6d.) that a Ziegfeld artist, who knows very well how to captivate the public across the footlights, can know a thing or two about what the public likes when it stays at home in its arm-chair and looks round for a book. It is a good book, and that not merely because it reproduces so well the ups and downs of the chorus world. Miss O'Shea has not been afraid to tackle the more obscure recesses of feminine psychology. Melusine (Mel for short) was not the average musical-comedy girl, although she was a girl who naturally found her way to the stage. She had her youthful charm at the outset, and she was one of those beings who attract strongly both men and women, but who remain sensitively aware of the claims of their own inviolate personality. She gave, and she received; but

her unquenchable need was for the perfect partnership that such spirits are seldom fated to attain. Miss O'Shea, being tender-hearted, leaves Mel completed and blissful; it is not the end that should be to her story, but one is grateful for the flight from realism. "Famine Alley" is a gallant and vivacious novel.

"Ladies in Waiting" (Kennerley; 7s. 6d.), by John Dellbridge, is a crude study of the temptations of a devout young man. For Jean de Freyville, son of a long line of patrician landowners in Trinidad, was faithful to his Church, and moreover he had a vocation for the priesthood. His difficulty was that his youthful manliness attracted the predatory women. Like Joseph Andrews, he was wooed by fine ladies as well as by the baser sort. The scenes of temptation are elaborately displayed. The first siren to waylay Jean in his innocence was Louise, a bright-eyed young woman of Trinidad. He rejected her advances with horror on learning that she was his Uncle Alexandre's child, and so within the prohibited degree. But he was ensnared by another siren, and, when Louise lay dying of consumption in a Paris house of ill-fame, it was her repentant farewell and deathbed exhortations that sent Jean back to persevere in the priesthood. The moral is there, you see, garlanded with exotic flowers.



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But human nature being what it is, it may on the whole be suggested that "Ladies in Waiting" is more likely to be read for its sex appeal than for its pious intention.

THE BOOK SOCIETY

by SYLVIA LYND

When the Book Society was formed gloomy prophets foretold disaster. We were opening the door, we were told, to all kinds of corruption. Authors would wait on us, hat in one hand and bribe in the other, in order that their books might be chosen. Publishers would accept only such manuscripts as they thought would please us. The reading public (though it was certain that no one in these islands could be induced to read books) would be brought to so abject a state of mind that it would be unable to like, or dislike, a book unless we told it first to do so. In short, we should regiment opinion and destroy personal taste. No criticism could have been more nonsensical. The Book Society Committee does not control other

people's opinions; it merely expresses its own—as do the writers of reviews, booksellers in their shop-windows, the young people who are consulted in libraries, the publishers in their advertisements. What the divers members of this Committee set out to do is not to regiment opinion, but to tell good news. In order to read a book, it is first necessary to know that it exists. We love books, are inquisitive about books, are able to make discoveries and to share those discoveries promptly with our readers. If a book excites us or delights us, if we find it informing, amusing, ingenious, wise or beautiful, we share our pleasure with the members of the Book Society in print, as in talk we share it with our friends.

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NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER: FICTION OF THE MONTH.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY continues to devote his brilliant talents to the task of showing up the futilities and ironies of life. To illustrate them he chooses themes and characters which are slightly fantastic. His people are, as a rule, too intelligent to accept their fate unquestioningly, and too easy in their circumstances to feel and respond to the pressure of daily life. Two of the four stories in "Brief Candles" have their setting in Italy. "The Rest Cure," in spite of its ironical under-tone, is a tragedy; or as near to being a tragedy as Mr. Huxley's mind, impatient with the conditions of our sublunary existence, will permit it to go. In "After the Fireworks," he lets his ironical



MISS P. WHITEHOUSE,
Author of "Collingridge."

humour have its head, showing to what depths of humiliation the passion of love can bring a reasonable and intelligent human being. Italy makes an excellent scene for Mr. Huxley's tales; every prospect pleases; health and happiness are in the air; but his tormented puppets cannot avail themselves of the gifts that Art and Nature hold out with both hands. "The Craxtons" is a study of English family life, subdued in tone and more realistic than the rest. It voices Mr. Huxley's dissatisfaction with old-fashioned methods of bringing up children, and those who hope to find in fiction problems akin to those of daily life may think it the most satisfactory piece in the collection. It is the only one in which he breaks new ground.

"Tales Told by Simpson" is a volume of short stories dealing mainly with artists and literary folk—difficult material for the novelist, for they are too well aware of what is going on within and around them to submit gracefully to the author's guidance. Imagination being so strong in them, they are already living partly in a world of their own inventing, and the author, by putting them in the pages of a book, removes them yet a stage further

from actuality. Miss May Sinclair, needless to say, tells the stories with great skill, yet she does not quite give the impression that they are concerned with creatures of ordinary clay.

"Simpson" himself, though an experienced *raconteur*, is over self-conscious and cultivates a deliberately colloquial manner—as though he were holding the reader by the button-hole—which becomes irritating. When he says, for instance: "There had been no women in his life. None, that is, that you could lay your hands on," he credits the reader with a brutal demeanour towards women from which he is very likely free.

The heroine of Mr. Mottram's new novel, *Europa's Beast*, would have welcomed a little more temperament in her husband, though it was not physical violence she craved for so much as determination of character. Blythway was a good sort, but shallow, commonplace, inconsiderate and unimaginative. The qualities she lacked in him she found in Geoffrey Skene, now released from the army, and beginning to practise as an architect in East-hampton. The war had left him fancy-free, and Olive Blythway attracted him irresistibly. He is a purposeful man, and, though he is the hero, not over-scrupulous in awakening the love of a married woman. The course of love does not run smooth; it has many obstacles



MR. J. J. CONNINGTON,
Author of "The Two Tickets Puzzle."



MISS SARAH SALT,
Author of "Strange Combat."

to surmount, the husband being one. As a story, "Europa's Beast" is not completely a success, but it has that quality of soundness and thoroughness in the workmanship which makes Mr. Mottram's books satisfying to the mind if they do not always set fire to the imagination.

"The Edwardians" appeals equally to both. The action of Miss Sackville-West's novel takes place in the last six years of the reign of King Edward VII. It is a many-sided book, at once romance, satire, comedy of manners, social history. The hero, the young Duke of Chevron, is the meeting-place and battle-ground of two epochs and of many divergent loyalties. He realises how rapid and worthless, for the most part, are the members of the *haut monde* by whom he is surrounded; he would fain follow the advice of the explorer Anquetil, and cut himself adrift from the people of his "set." They are, perhaps, not a specially favourable example of the society of the period; Miss Sackville-West has little patience with them. But Sebastian cannot easily give them up without also giving up his home—that beautiful house in which the traditions of the past still linger in all their original glory, untainted by the decadence and meaninglessness of the present. For a time he tries to fulfil the rôle expected from a man of his birth; joins the army, has a love-affair with the beautiful, notorious Lady Roehampton, attends the Coronation of the new Sovereign. But his being still

cries out for experiences which his present way of life, so magnificent in its setting, so empty in itself, cannot yield: his chance meeting with Anquetil after the coronation confirms his resolve. Though diversified with many passages in a lighter vein, "The Edwardians" is a splendid, stately, melancholy book.

"Collingridge," by Miss P. Whitehouse, is a story of the Azores, and reminiscent (considering its subject, it scarcely could help being) of Joseph Conrad, whom the author, indeed, chooses to mention. But the book is strong enough to stand alone; its characters strike one as fitting into the plot, being necessary to it; for each helps to provide, and each in an independent way, the mysterious



MISS V. SACKVILLE-WEST,
Author of "The Edwardians."

[Continued overleaf.]

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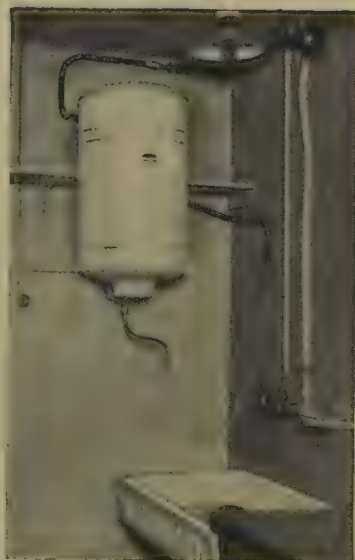
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Continued. atmosphere that surrounds the mysterious person of Mme. Villa France, a lonely, scheming autocrat. Even the scenery of the place, often beautifully described, is shown to have psychological importance: "A row of willow-trees stood on the hill's brow. . . . Their twigs stood upright, like the hair on startled heads."

Collingridge, the English representative of a firm of traders, allows himself to be involved in a political intrigue through strong liking for two of those engaged, Thomar and Pilar, the latter of whom has trusted him with the secret of their mutual love. Thomar is too engrossed and visionary to attract much sympathy from the reader; Pilar is more human and vivid, and at the restrained but tragic end of the story we are loath to lose sight of her, knowing so little what her fate may be. The style of the book, in spite of a few lapses, is definitely good, good and inspiring; the dips back to events of an earlier date might have been less abruptly managed; and midway in the tale a sense of anti-climax is given. But this proves to be temporary, and, on the whole, welcome. If excitement is suspended, the interest is not. There is something which amounts to a thrill throughout, and it is not just an ordinary thrill.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold's "Storm Over Europe" is a Ruritanian novel with a serious intention; as well as being a romance, it is a satire on present-day conditions in Europe, especially on the decay of the religious sense. It is a clever book, marred a little by the author's determination to make all the characters speak in epigram.

This is not the fault of "Coronet," a very long historical romance which describes, through the symbolism of a Russian whip and a French coronet, some of the manifestations of despotic power in Europe between the years 1600 and 1920.

Though grandiose in conception, the story is treated simply. Mr. Komroff has shown great skill in seizing on the essential qualities of the periods of history with which he deals; but the idea on which it is based grows weaker, not stronger, with each new exemplification.

"Diamonds to Sit On" is a Russian rendering of a subject popular in English fiction—the search for hidden

treasure. It is meant to be amusing, and it succeeds; but the humour is of a grim kind—a Bolshevik's notion of a joke. Possibly the authors want to demonstrate the dire results which follow the pursuit of wealth. If so, they would find a sympathiser in Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, whose treasure-seekers bitterly regret the discovery of the Sultan's jewels.

"The Chank Shell" has descriptive passages of great beauty; and, though the story is sensational in its main outlines, it is full of imaginative touches.

Most writers of detective stories nowadays like to give the reader something else

besides a crime. Miss Ivy Low supplements the merely detective interest in "His Master's Voice" with a remark-



MRS. HILDA VAUGHAN,
Author of "Her Father's House."



MISS MARY ROBERTS REINHARDT.
Author of "The Door."



MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD,
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE COMMAND TO LOVE," AT DALY'S.

DESPITE its Austrian origin, this comedy is what most playgoers will regard as "very French." Amusing enough, and brilliantly acted by Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Mr. Ronald Squire, but not likely to appeal to those who like a little more "body" and not quite so much sex in a play. Gaston, Military Attaché to the Embassy at Nullepart, has an affair with his Ambassador's wife; as she is of a jealous temperament, he is compelled to remain austere aloof from the social distractions of the capital. This to be the annoyance of the Ambassador, for it appears to be the main duty of a Military Attaché to flirt with the wives of Cabinet Ministers and through them influence their husbands for his country's good. The first act is too long-drawn-out, but the second is extremely amusing in its light-hearted, unmoral way. Miss Yvonne Arnaud, as the only too willingly pursued wife of the War Minister, gave a deliciously provocative performance when Mr. Ronald Squire, as Gaston, laid siege to her. She made too brief an appearance in the third act, and for that reason the play suffered. Apart from Gaston, the other male characters were dull fellows, and no humorous characterisation was attempted in an effort to give them interest. Miss Isobel Elsom was excellent as the jealous wife of the Ambassador. A thoroughly naughty and amusing second act may satisfy many playgoers, but a dullish first and third will disappoint more.

"THE WAY TO TREAT A WOMAN," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

Here again the male characters are dull fellows, and the dramatist who wins success with an "all-male cast" appears to be deserving of higher praise than he receives. In a much too wordy Prologue, four detectives—English, American, French,

and German—are discussing the way to treat a woman. The Englishman says treat her as a lady; the American pins his faith on gifts; the Frenchman prefers to make love; while the German swears by bullying. The murder of a Cabinet Minister sets the four men in search of A Young Person in Blue—none other than Miss Marion Lorne. Miss Lorne specialises in bewildered young ladies who find themselves involved in most mysterious adventures, and as Linda Leigh she is at her best. The play, however, loses interest through there being no male character to "play opposite" to her. Still, her attempts to "crash" a fashionable night club; her flight in a taxi (Mr. George Tully took his chance in this scene and was most amusing as detective escort); her appearance on the "scene where the murder was committed," and, finally, her presence in the English detective's flat (where Mr. C. Aubrey Smith made perfunctory love to her in time to bring the curtain down on a "happy ending"), were quite amusing. Miss Lorne was at the top of her form, so that one wished her in a rôle not so obviously built round her. Mr. Aubrey Smith was English to the backbone, and the rest of an excellent company lent admirable support.

"BADGER'S GREEN," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A wholly delightful village comedy that proves (if such proof were necessary) that Mr. R. C. Sherriff is no "flash in the pan" dramatist. His dialogue and characterisation is just as true to life as it was in "Journey's End." The simple humours of a cricket match may not make the same emotional appeal as did his war-play, but the writing is no less able. Of plot it has none, or hardly any. Mr. Butler, a speculative builder, has a scheme for transforming Badger's Green into a bungalow town; being enticed at the last minute into deputising in the annual cricket match, he carries out his bat for a gallant five. From that moment he is an ardent supporter

of the local club, and, rather than spoil the amenities of the village, transfers his building activities to a less delightful spot. Mr. James Whale's production is perfect, the lighting in the marquee scene flooding the stage with sunshine. As Dr. Wetherby, Mr. Horace Hodges has never been better, and receives admirable support from Mr. Sebastian Smith as Mr. Twigg, whose passion for fretwork results in the injured thumb that prevents him bowling in the all-important match. Messrs. Louis Goodrich, Felix Aylmer, and Frederick Burtwell were all excellent. The feminine interest was very slight, but Miss Kathleen Harrison gave a neat study-as the doctor's maid.

Photographers who take an interest in the achievements of the camera in other countries will be well advised to obtain a copy of "The German Annual of Photography" ("Das Deutsche Lichtbild") for 1930, published by Messrs. Robert and Bruno Schultz, 12, Schellingstrasse, Berlin, W.9. The volume contains over a hundred plates, beautifully reproduced, which represent the photographic art in its finest form, ranging over a wide variety of subjects and styles. There are exquisite examples of portraiture, figure groups, nudes, landscape and nature studies, machinery and industrial scenes, still life and decorative effects, architectural subjects, air views, and many wonderful photographs of wild animals, birds, and insects. Besides the illustrations, the book includes a number of articles of general and technical interest. On request, an English translation of the German text is supplied gratis by the publishers.

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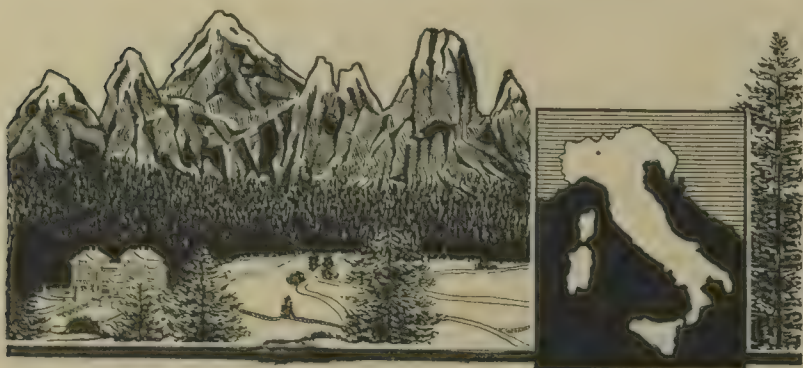
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Havas.

ALGIERS AND THE SECOND MEDITERRANEAN UNITY.

(Continued from Page 1161.)

countries which had to a certain extent become Westernised, by means of practical activities. The other Mohammedan countries of the Mediterranean resisted Western civilisation passively but tenaciously, despite European domination and influence. The Mediterranean remained more divided than ever, not on account of two irreconcilable religions, nor because of rival territorial domination, but by their conception of life. The progress of Liberty is adored in the Christian part of the Mediterranean; but it is detested in the Mohammedan countries. Suddenly, in 1908, the world was shaken by a formidable surprise; a revolution at Constantinople which demanded the political institutions of the West, unfurled the flag of Liberty, and summoned the Sultan to limit his power and to open the Ottoman Empire to European civilisation.

Though at first somewhat astonished, Europe rejoiced in these events, which she considered as a victory for her spirit. No one foresaw, or could foresee, the formidable chain of catastrophes of which this revolution was the first link. It was in 1908 at Constantinople, in the metropolis of the Mohammedan Mediterranean, that there began the movement which was to result in the World War and, in ten years, in the crumbling away of the Monarchical system in Asia and Europe in the definite and unexpected and, up to the present, sterile triumph of the French Revolution. Mediterranean dualism, created thirteen centuries ago by the appearance of Islam, has still had the strength, at the beginning of the twentieth century, to engender that cataclysm. Is that cataclysm, the last manifestation of that dualism, about to disappear? It is certain that considerable changes have been produced in the Mohammedan world since the World War. Mohammedan unity has resisted the great earthquakes no better than has Christian unity. Those faithful to the Prophet have fought in two camps, like the disciples of Christ. The Turkish Empire and the English Protectorate over Egypt have disappeared. Constantinople is now only a provincial town. To-day there is a Turkish Republic, and, from what one hears, it is endeavouring to Westernise by force the peasants of Anatolia, who were always the strongest support of the Ottoman Empire, to create a lay state and society on the European model. Even the veil has been torn from the faces of Mohammedan women!

Egypt has gone further: she is working at organising Parliamentary institutions with an energy and tenacity which might inspire the peoples of Europe, who, under different pretexts and forms, have allowed the absolutism of 1815 to be re-established in their countries. At the same time she is trying to win her total independence, and to learn those trades which, in Egypt, were reserved for Europeans. The Egyptians are becoming electricians, motor-drivers, mechanics, and carpenters. And at the same time they are acquiring the habits of a larger life. I know a case of an Italian who was a proprietor of cinemahalls in Cairo and Alexandria who made his fortune because he was the first to have the idea of giving the explanations on the screen not only in French but in Arabic. As in Egypt, it seems also that in Tunisia, Morocco, and in Syria, the Mohammedan masses are becoming more or less rapidly Westernised in their manners and political ideas. They are becoming accustomed to reading the newspapers, to change about rapidly, to travel, to make use of auto-buses, railways, and the telegraph. Haste, and the need of continual change of residence, seems to have begun to shake Mohammedan passivity and resignation.

In certain European circles, complaint is even being made that Mohammedans are becoming too quickly Occidentalised, especially in politics. There is fear that, by grasping too quickly at the enjoyment of liberty for which they are not sufficiently prepared, they will end by falling into anarchy. But Mohammedan specialists in history and law protest against these fears. Democratic institutions in Mohammedan countries would have much less difficulty in developing themselves and much more chance of success than one thinks, especially if they made the attempt in small Republics instead of in great States. Mohammedanism was born in Arabia, among tribes who were still too simple to have the Monarchical spirit in their blood. It would, therefore, seem to be by its very origin democratic and republican. It ended by organising itself in great absolute monarchies, thanks to the influence of Persia, Byzantium, and even, in the seventeenth century, of Europe. Constantinople also, at certain times, copied Versailles! Now that all the great Mohammedan empires have fallen, the spirit of equality and democracy which has been suppressed for so many centuries has regained its spring.

It is impossible for a European to pass judgment on all these strange facts, or to decide if it is a question of sterile attempts or of an unexpected renaissance which is beginning,

but it is in connection with all these strange facts that the conquest of Algeria seems to us to have a universal importance, as the first of a long series of dispersed efforts which for a century tend more or less consciously to remake the work of Rome and re-create the unity of the Mediterranean. The unity of the Mediterranean! The blue sea on whose banks Homer sang, Phidias worked at his sculpture, Plato and Aristotle meditated, that Rome incorporated in her grandeur; the sea the Apostles navigated, to sow the words of Christ far afield; which was stained with blood by the struggles between the Cross and the Crescent; where Venice, a little apart, mirrored her incomparably beautiful marble face!

Western civilisation, which was born on the borders of this sea, owes it to herself, at the moment of her greatest power, to reconstitute her unity. Many causes, some linked with that schism, others independent of it, had ended by diminishing the historical importance of that sea, where the human spirit had created so many marvels. At one moment one might have been afraid that that sacred sea was in danger of becoming a mere museum which was systematically devastated by barbarians. Unity would make it again one of the great living centres of universal civilisation.

But Mediterranean unity could only be obtained by a kind of re-absorption of the Mohammedan world into Western civilisation. It is not necessary that Constantinople, Angora, Cairo, or Algiers should become more or less felicitous copies of Lyons, Manchester, Antwerp, or Augsburg; it will be sufficient if the Mohammedan populations become more active, if they will shed a certain number of prejudices and superstitions which are incompatible with Western science, and that they should learn to live under régimes of political liberty and religious tolerance. It would be even more useful if their Westernisation took place neither too rapidly nor too completely. Mohammedanism has not known how to create those élites which were the strength of the Christian world; but it did know how to teach the masses certain simple virtues, which would not be without their uses even in the West: faithfulness to a promise, sobriety, and a certain good sense made up of humanity and simplicity. We cannot say that Europe, great and powerful as she is, has nothing to learn from Mohammedan countries. Certain Koranic virtues, just because they are simple, and because the Koran has succeeded in inculcating them in the masses, might find their place in the second unity of the Mediterranean at which Europe is working.

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"OTELLO" AND "MARTA."

BY common consent among musicians, Verdi's "Otello" is one of the peaks of operatic music. Many, indeed, describe it as the greatest opera ever written; but, here, individual preferences account a good deal for the ultimate selection between such masterpieces as "Don Giovanni," "Otello," and "Tristan und Isolde" for this honour. It is a curious fact that "Otello," like "Don Giovanni," is rarely performed satisfactorily. It is, therefore, a matter for congratulation that the present production at Covent Garden is the best that has been given in England for the last twenty years. Those who have enjoyed Paul Robeson in "Othello" at the Savoy should go and hear Zanelli as Otello at Covent Garden. He is even better than Robeson, acting with more fire and more variety of expression. Then, he has the

great advantage of being supported by Moriano Stabile, one of the finest, if not the finest, of living Italian baritones and a magnificent actor. Stabile's Iago is a masterpiece of acting and singing. Never, for example, have I heard the "Credo" sung with the wonderful command of tone-colour and phrasing shown by Stabile. Most baritones bawl this "Credo" from the footlights and turn it into the most vulgar stuff, but Stabile, in showing what a great composer Verdi was, also showed himself to be a rare artist.

The Desdemona of Iva Pacetti, if not up to this level, was nevertheless gracious and affecting. Her voice is of beautiful quality; she has the uncommon virtue of never shouting, but her production is not always free from tremolo, which is a pity. She acts well, and has a fine, dignified presence. Signor Bellezza conducted with commendable vigour, but I am afraid that many of the subtleties of this

wonderful score are lost on him. He is a vigorous and capable musician, and his performances are better than those of the other conductors of Italian opera we have had at Covent Garden so far, but sensitiveness and subtlety are not his strong points.

I do not know why critics should despise that wholly charming opera, "Marta," now revived at Covent Garden for the first time in living memory, and greeted by the audience with enthusiastic applause. In this case the public is, I think, sounder than my colleagues in its judgment. "Marta" may sound old-fashioned and sentimental to their ears, but I find the music still fresh and melodious and of excellent workmanship. The libretto is also amusing and charming. Edith Mason, a soprano from Chicago and New York, has a beautiful voice and excellent technique. Gigli, as Lionello, would have been excellent if he had not shouted so continuously.

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"It is all over the village," said Mademoiselle Ploermel, pouring out a cup of coffee from an old-fashioned pot of painted porcelain. "I have heard it from Madame Josselin. It was told to my little maid by one of her friends in the post office. It was mentioned to me in confidence by Madame Mercier. Doubtless they exaggerate."

"Absurd! Ridiculous!" said the priest. Mademoiselle Ploermel smiled.

"They say she is mad, and wanders about in the moonlight among the menhirs and dolmens. In any case, my dear friend, it is indiscreet of you to talk to her when she has taken off her clothes. Forgive me for mentioning the matter."

"This Kernac is a hotbed of scandal," said the curé heatedly. "It is almost intolerable. To live here even as a priest requires great Christian forbearance."

Mademoiselle Ploermel nodded her head, and her thin lips tightened.

"I agree. Everyone here is steeped in ignorance and without honesty. For that reason it is necessary to be careful of offending public opinion, my dear curé. I warn you to avoid that English girl. She has made a bad impression already, and, from what I hear, she is a wanton creature."

"She is extremely intelligent," said the curé. . . . "The poor young lady has no religion of any kind," said the curé. "It is lamentable. She is the type of the modern mind which has revolted against every form of faith in this age of agnosticism and spiritual anarchy. . . ."

Queer magic, beauty, religion, tragedy—in "THE PAGAN WOMAN" by Sir Philip Gibbs.

From Two of the Best

The men cheered, and Trethewy, seizing their excitement, started a hymn. They took it up, first as an outlet for their feelings, then catching something of Trethewy's fire, with religious exaltation.

In that moment, on that fish-littered, heaving deck, a new sect was formed. It never extended its membership, it never expounded its faith; but as trip followed successful trip, the zeal of its adherents increased. Trethewy, of course, like other religious founders, was accounted mad by everyone outside his small band of disciples; but it soon became apparent that his madness was confined solely to the equal distribution of his profits among his crew. Bribes, cajolery, nor taunts could draw from him the position of his ground. He developed an elaborate cunning in concealing the destination of his trips, not only from Skippers who attempted to follow him, but also from his own crew, whose faith he did not wish to expose unnecessarily to temptation. Sometimes he would approach from North Cape; sometimes from Reykianes; and sometimes from south of the Fuglasker, out of sight of Iceland altogether.

For that bank under the sea was to him holy ground, and its commercial exploitation would have seemed the violation of a sanctuary. He was prepared to guard its secret with his life. Where else should the Second Advent take place but here where it had been heralded?

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CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEMS Nos. 4066 and 4067 received from Geo. Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4068 from R B Cooke (Portland, Me.), C H Battey (Providence, R.I.), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), and J M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 4069 from Bernard Trumper (Llanbadach), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), E J Gibbs (East Ham), R B Cooke (Portland, Me.) and J M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 4070 from L W Cafferata (Newark), Julio Mond (Seville), H Richards (Hove), R W Collings (London), H Richards (Hove), M Heath (London), and Rev. W Scott (Elgin).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XLI. received from C H Battey (Providence, R.I.); of No. XLII. from David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.); and of No. XLIII. from B Trumper (Llanbadach), R S (Melrose), H Richards (Hove), F N Braund (Ware), H Hawes (Barnsbury), Julio Mond (Seville), David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), and J W Smedley. (late Brooklyn, now Oldham); and of GAME PROBLEM No. XLIV from E G F Churchill (Blockley), 7 points, S H Llewellyn Smith (Alton), 5 points, T K Wigan (Woking), 8 points with complete and accurate analysis, H Richards (Hove), 8 points, and L W Cafferata (Newark), 5 points.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

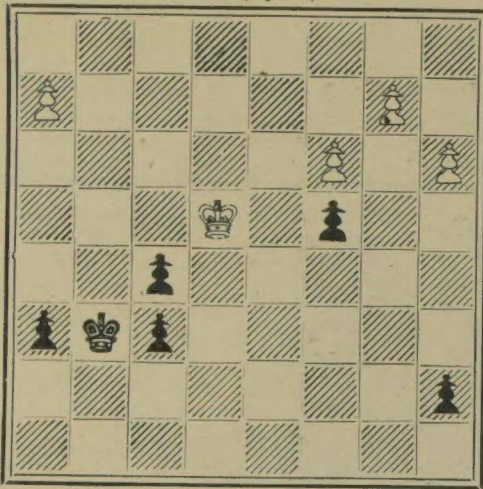
S H LLEWELLYN SMITH (Alton).—We do not have competitions in the I.L.N., and readers who solve do so for the pleasure of solving. From the number of letters of enquiry received it is known to us that a great many readers solve the problems without troubling to send us the solutions, there being no prizes to be won.

H R (Hove).—Thank you for the implied compliment, but the reference is to the Chess Editor of the I.L.N. as a composer of music, and not of chess-problems.

E WARDHAUGH (Glasgow).—With a large piece of timber in one hand, and the other on our heart, we can boast that we have never published in the I.L.N. a problem with more (or less) than one solution.

GAME PROBLEM No. XLV.

BLACK (6 pieces).



WHITE (5 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 8; P5Pr; 5PrP; 3KRp2; 2p5; pKp5; 7p; 8.]

White to play and win.

Here is another position for our gallery of missed opportunities, taken from a game in the Nice Tournament. M. Colle was White, and Sir George Thomas Black. Sir George has just played P×P check, and the Belgian champion continued KQ4, which, after thirty more moves, produced a draw. What should White have played instead of KQ4? We do not ask our readers to make a long, detailed analysis, but simply to give White's best move, and the general line of play which leads to a won position.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. XLIII.

[8; 8; 8; 6pr; 5p2; 4S2p; 5K1k; 8; White mates in five.]

1. KtKt4ch, KR1; 2. KB1, PB6; (if PR6, 3. KtB2 mate) 3. KB2, PR6; 4. KB1, PB7; 5. Kt×BP mate.

Cat and mouse with a vengeance!

A BOOK ALL PLAYERS SHOULD POSSESS.

The games of the recent Alekhin-Bogoljubow match have been published in handy form, and at a most reasonable price (3s.), by Printing-Craft, Ltd., 18, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn. The games themselves are fresh and interesting, with the "brilliances" by no means all on one side, and will agreeably surprise those who thought the match a walk-over for the champion. The notes, by Yates and Winter, are illuminating and precise, and the scores and diagrams are beautifully clear. There is much to be learnt and more to be enjoyed.

THE GOLDEN ARGOSY.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of this splendid collection of 600 Problems by W. A. Shinkman. The great American composer's activities covered nearly sixty years, and the volume under notice contains about one-fifth of his work. It is hardly necessary to add that selection, printing, and binding are in the very best of taste, and that the "The Golden Argosy" adds another boat-load to the obligations already heaped upon problem-lovers by Mr. Alain C. White.

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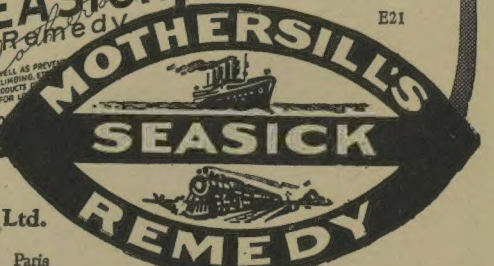
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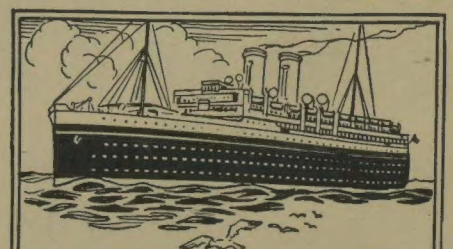
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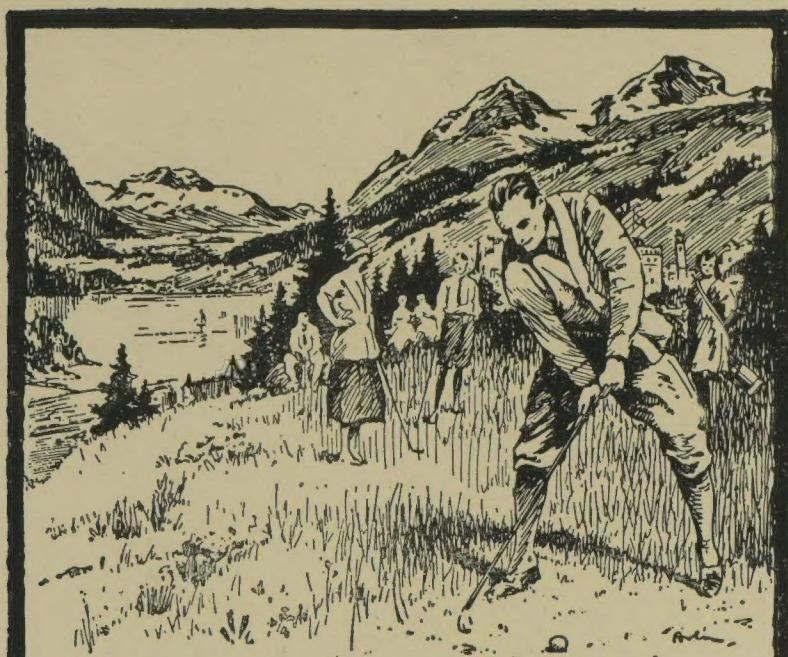
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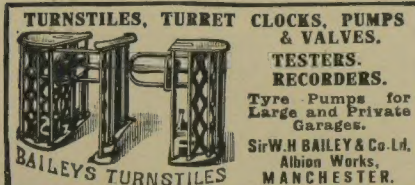
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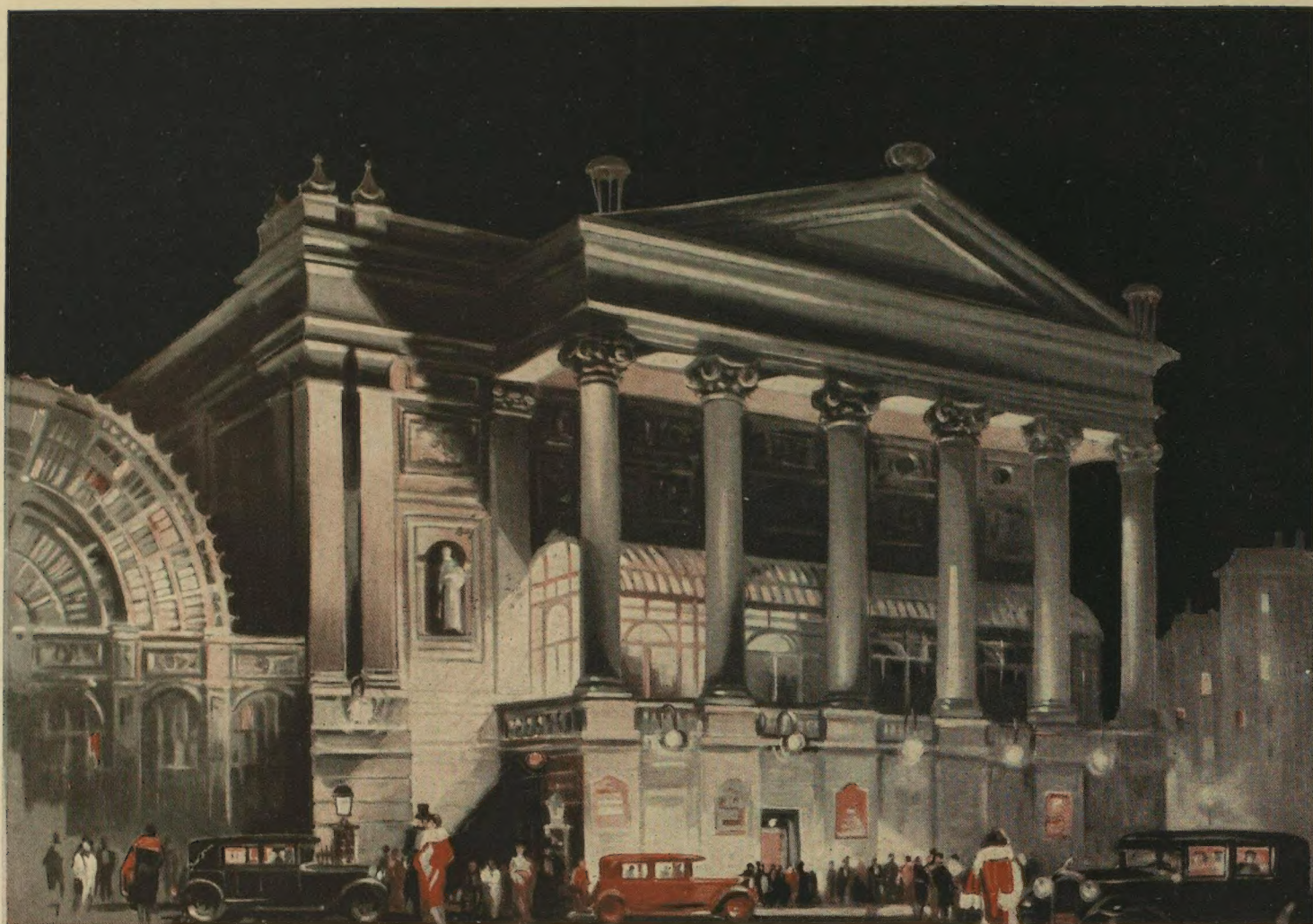
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